

畢業晚會

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Love Late - Volume 01

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Prologue

Love Late vol.1 - prologue

3/23/14 Update: final revision completed

Proofread by: yana14 & Micky



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

The beginning...I can't wait 'til I get to the part where Ke Luo appears!

Prologue

The youth finally turned his chair around and looked up at me. "Lee, I've decided to go back." Silence hung for a moment before I bent down and kissed him on the forehead. Faintly pressing his lips together, he whispered, "Sorry."

In that moment, I felt a little sad.

Lin Jing had been with me for seven years: seven years of quarrels, of break-ups and make-ups, and of complications until he clearly fell out of love. Yet I was still unable to give up. Sentiments aside, he was genuinely a good kid. When I had decided to bring him with me to LA, I had intended to stay together with him.

All it took was a call from Qin Lang to disrupt this false sense of stability in our relationship. After all, Ling Jing was his son—of course he would want him to come back. The sad reality was that all of the feelings that Lin Jing and I had these seven years were not strong enough for us to approach his father to get the acknowledgement of our relationship, a secret love between two men.

The check-in process was quick and I personally saw Lin Jing off at the gate. His hair was still messy, a tousle of mischievous curls. His face was small and his eyes dark and large as he looked back at me. Sparing only a glance, he quickly turned around and walked, pulling his luggage along as he disappeared into the crowd. That was the way he was. I knew that he would miss me, though he would never admit it.

Then again, so was I. I was a man rapidly approaching his forties, a seasoned business elite. Pride prevented me from openly expressing these feelings.

But being alone was really, very lonely.

[Chapter 1](#)

ch1

Love Late vol.1 - ch1

10/05/13 update: minor edits
Proofread by: yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning**

Lee and Ke Luo's first meeting~<3 (hover cursor over word with dotted red lines for translator's notes)

Chapter One

“Lee, you’re late.”

I apologized to everyone with a smile. I ordered a few drinks at the bar and pushed my way through.

After Lin Jing had returned home, I became far more desolate by myself. Every day coming home from the office, I’d stare blankly at a room without even a

pet. I was practically living in torment, fooling around with a pack of rogues more and more with each passing day.

The few whom I sat with chatting were all in a circle of well-acquainted friends who I also had associations with at work. Usually we'd go out drinking together or go on a hunt, killing time. We weren't each others type however.

Bluntly saying, everyone loves beautiful, young men. No matter how well-maintained you are, you're still an ancient forty-year-old man in the eyes of an old friend; a far reach from young boys.

The gay bar on a weekend night was packed with all kinds of men: different ages, occupations, skin colors, nationalities; crammed together like a can of sardines, so dazzling that it made ones head swim.

But regulars like us were already trained to be able to quickly identify the good and bad with sharp eyes even in the dim lighting. In a few minutes, Paul's eyes lit up beside him. He took a glass and braved the wind and waves through the crowd. Forcing through, he advanced toward his aimed prey.

This guy's boldness was the same as ever.

Paul's image wasn't anything to be said: slightly bald with a round belly and a very eager look. Nevertheless, he had the guts to make a move, suffering defeat in every battle, repeatedly losing and repeatedly fighting, and was willing to throw a lot of money away. As a result, he still had the skills when it comes to catching boys and would gain quite a harvest.

I was much more modest. This was probably due to my Asian nature.

In

addition, I cared for my own face and feathers, never losing self-control, and, what's more, never lowering my stance. Being

particularly attentive to others must also need a knight's pride. *No wonder most of my time is spent alone in bed.*
Goddamn it.

“Smack!”

A sharp and clear, resounding slap. Although the bar was so noisy, we still heard it crystal clear.

A few people glanced up and quickly lowered their heads for a drink with unspoken mockery.

A moment later, Paul sure enough awkwardly pushed his way back. He muttered a couple swear words, and then pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his face.

I quickly called a drink for him to cover up his embarrassment.

Paul actually wasn't a bad person. To be beaten back with humiliation like this, he would never seek revenge. He was just lecherous. Toward others, he was very generous, openhearted, and upright.

But which of those handsome, young boys would fall in love with us because we're generous, openhearted, and upright?

“Paul, there's no need to find someone that pretty. Isn't it more convenient to find one closer to our age?”

“No way! When it comes to this, a young man is better after all.”

As I looked at Paul's big, fat face with a hint of oily sweat and fingerprints, I couldn't help letting out a breath with a bitter smile.

Look at this awkward group of ours. Even people with similar age and qualifications aren't willing to accept you; let alone youthful, great, young men.

I was much better than him. I was younger than them by a few years. My appearance could be considered handsome. And I didn't age fast like Westerners. Moreover, I worked out regularly and still maintained a good figure. If I agree to swallow my pride and painstakingly pursue, I'd still be able to find a nice boy.

But after that?

In a few years, I'd be more miserable than the Paul now. I'd probably spend my remaining years with only loneliness and pride.

Just thinking about it brought a shiver up my back.

Recently, the news even reported that an old lady died alone. And when found one week later by a neighbor, her face had been half eaten by cats that she herself had raised.

I really didn't want my own future to have such an outcome. Yet the chance of that with people like us, who wanted a companion to be with until the last breath, was on the same level as buying the lottery once and winning the top prize.

But I'd never won the lottery.

Damn it.

When Paul bumped into luck the second time, he was luckier. That tall, well-proportioned, young black man with a nice face seemed to have a fondness for him. The two men quickly delved into a blissful conversation.

There were other men at the same table, looking quite sharp. We sat on over with good grace, toasting everyone's drinks and talking; drinking not only to savor every drop of the wine.

Coming to this kind of place, everyone's agenda was alike with minor differences. They all used their eyes and tone of voice to feel each other out: wearing a smile, eyes flashing about, shouting in the east and striking in the west; privately trying to figure each other out.

One needs this battle of wits to find a bed partner, which isn't easy at all.

I was smiling and drinking while listening to Paul spouting nonsense when all of a sudden, the heat rose by my ear.

“Please excuse me for a moment?”

Standard, clear English, but the pronunciation exclusively belonged to a Chinese man that was new to the area. I immediately gave way. And as I turned my head, I gazed, sure enough, upon an Asian face.

An exceedingly, exquisite face and skin that actually faintly glowed under this kind of lighting. He was dazzlingly spotless and taut to who knows what extent.

Noticing my gaze on him, he politely smiled. Since the music was too loud just now, he leaned over my ear and shouted. At this moment, as I straightened up, I could see that he was also quite tall, perhaps not losing to me at all.

The man across from us waved his glass and said to him, “What took you so long? I'll introduce new friends to you...”

As it turned out, he was with them and had merely stopped by the restroom. I was sitting in his seat. With a smile, I shifted over, and he sat down beside me.

The so-called “new friend introduction” was in fact amusing. It's just finding out how we should address each other.

Here, relaxed people were all cautious. Who would honestly confess his own

name, family, and occupation to a one-night stand? Eight out of ten called themselves Jack. The rest, Jim, James, John, could also be picked from anywhere, passing through the ear and forgotten.

As expected, this boy claimed to be Jack. I chuckled and nodded to him while I touched my drink.

When drinking, as I peered over my glass at him, he happened to lift his eyes. Our eyes met, and my heart suddenly pounded.

Quickly smiling, I placed the glass back on the table and casually said a few words on gossip to the man on the other side. I didn't want people to see that my heart was actually stirred at that moment.

So annoying. This kid was entirely the type I liked.

My heart raced as I drank with a calm face, secretly contemplating on how to quietly make my move.

I was a veteran of a hundred battles. Sitting close to him like this, I didn't know why my face was actually a bit hot. My thigh that was inadvertently touching his was also burning.

I faintly sensed that he seemed to be watching me. Pretending to calmly drink for a moment, my blood flowed more quickly. I only felt my throbbing temples.

Making up my mind, I slightly looked to one side and raised my eyebrow while smiling toward him. He really was openly staring at me, but not necessarily the erotic sort of meaning. His eyes were very childlike.

"You should let your hair down..." He suddenly reached out without warning and carefully ran his fingers through my hair, sorting out a few strands of hair.

My heart beat wildly, and I was tongue-tied all of a sudden, doubting myself of

such good luck. Although I was a mature and handsome man, but to a boy like him, I wouldn't have any confidence in a victory.

On the other hand, the person next to me, who had clearly thought we'd be spending the night together, shifted target. This time, my chance of even striking up a conversation with someone else was gone too.

It was gradually getting late. People who had found partners would be leaving to look for a place to pursue pleasure. I looked at him. This brat better not play me. If he stood me up, I definitely wouldn't have any other choice than to rely on my own right hand to resolve it.

His expression was, on the contrary, very sincere, "Where are we going?"

Facing his brightly clear, innocent, black eyes, I almost blurted out, "to my house." Luckily, the nonsense was shoved back down my throat.

Lee, don't you get feverish in your head. Taking him back without knowing where he's from, how is that any different than leading a wolf into the house? I might be robbed and quartered the next day.

I was getting on in years and treasured my life.

I let him in the car and drove to a hotel.

So far I was still very cautious. He was quiet all the way, not speaking much, just gazing at me intently. He was very frank as he answered to whatever I asked.

From our conversation, I felt that he had received a good education, had clear, bright eyes with no traces of drugs, appeared financially stabled, good shoes, simple-styled brand-name watch released a year ago on his wrist that was fitting for a college student, nails were neat and tidy with only a minor ink mark.

He was probably still studying in school, not a suspicious dawdling punk, which ruled out the possibility that he was a con artist. I managed to calm down and breathed a sigh of relief.

I wasn't overly paranoid because I was that much apprehensive. In fact it was... due to this boy's special treatment in thinking highly of someone, making people feel flattered.

In the hotel room, I let him take a shower first. He merely said, "Mm-hmm," and obediently taking a bathrobe, he pushed through the door. I sat on the bed and took out my wallet, retrieving a few condoms, in addition to a long tube of lubricant.

Carrying these things didn't mean I was a dirty old man that thinks about these kinds of stuff all day long. These should be the minimum requirement for the sake of safety and courteousness.

I didn't want to hurt someone's child the first time.

Listening to the sound of water from the bathroom, I gradually became a bit nervous. On the road, I had ventured to question him. Sure enough he arrived in LA not that long ago. It was his first time going to the bar with friends. Furthermore, he was only twenty years old this year.

I was older than him by eighteen years...

Although I didn't want to admit it, if I had a son, he'd probably be about that old.

A young person's strength...my strength...

I looked at the number of condoms in my hand. I had originally taken two. I thought it over and retrieved two more. I pondered for a while. I better put one back.

Age really was a harsh thing...

Hearing the bathroom door open, I hastily crammed the condoms and lubricant under the pillow and stood up looking at him while smiling.

He walked out with damp hair that set off his bright and black eyes more. His face was dashing and childlike, behaving steady and calm. His face was somewhat clean and rough.

Just looking at him alone and I was on the verge of a heart failure. Hell, the brat's basically my adversary.

It seemed like it had been ages since I'd been this nervous. As I showered, I examined my own body in the mirror.

Wide shoulders and narrow waist, though my body muscles were already starting to loosen. Luckily, the lower abs had no fat, but unfortunately, they weren't very firm either. Fairly long legs shaped nicely, and between the legs... uh...basically it was also okay.

Hopefully my performance won't be too out of touch.

I was very glad that I also carried pills...

Although I was a bit shameful of cheating, it's to give myself extra points. Who wouldn't cheat now!

Men go for pearling. Women go for breast implants. It's simply the trend of the times. I swallowed the small pill. This was nothing compared to them.

The wine I ordered had arrived when I walked out after showering. Seeing him sitting at the bedside well-behaved, I tied up my bathrobe, took the opened bottle, and poured two glasses of wine.

Just when I was sneaking to swallow a pill, he suddenly turned to me. I quickly dropped the pill into the glass. Using my palm to calmly cover it, I asked him with a smile: "What's the matter?"

He actually took the initiative, reaching out to my waist and pulling me over.

My heart leapt with joy. Turned out I was still fully desirable to this kid.

As his lips approached, my back stiffened – He actually intended to kiss me.

Honestly, this approach, for a one-night stand, was too much. And it could easily make people misunderstand. The lower part of the body is sex. The lips are feelings. He was unclear even about this. He really was a child.

But before I could finish thinking, he had already kissed me. I accepted my fate and opened my mouth.

Not kissing was fine. Once we kissed though, I just felt like my soul nearly left my body. Of course his kissing technique was good, but logically speaking, how did he unintentionally make this veteran reach the point of losing his soul?

However, having his warm tongue turning and licking in my mouth, my mind instantly blanked out. With just the tip of the tongue gently going in and out, my lower body quickly entered into a critical condition, swollen to the point that I felt slightly painful.

In this case, even without the assistance of a small pill, I would definitely be able to perform superbly.

Not knowing how long had passed, our lips separated dripping wet, gasping unsteadily. His black eyes sparkled, and he pressed his lower body against mine. Like a small dog, he leaned toward me and repeatedly rubbed against my lips.

Rubbed over and over like this several times with the lower half of the body stuck together blazing hot, I could barely hold it in. I quickly pushed him away.

“Wait a minute...” I was actually worried that I’d overexcite myself. Thrown into a panic, I blurted out, “Let’s drink some wine first.”

Somehow I’d given myself some time to adjust, to control my emotions.

“Mm-hmm.”

He was pretty docile. Getting up, he took the wine glass that I had put aside a moment ago and handed me a glass. Then, as if very thirsty himself, he lifted his head and drank the other glass.

“...” I froze.

H-he drank the glass that I had added the drug to.

Come on, there’s no such mishap, right? I’m the older one who’s in need of a refuel!

If by chance, I couldn’t last twice, then wouldn’t it be humiliating?

My entire body was immediately drained of strength. But on second thought, even though I may be at a disadvantage when it comes to physical strength, I had enough skills to make up for it. It was unlikely that I won’t be able to make him gasp in wonder.

Next, with our bathrobes stripped off, we embraced each other on the bed, kissing and caressing.

It was rare to have had such luck encountering this type of boy. The experience this time was enjoyable; both having the possibility for a follow-up to develop.

So I carefully fondled him, working extremely hard to please him and doing my best to tease him by every possible means. As expected, his body's reaction was very intense. The hard object between his legs stiffened against my ab. There was even a touch of pinkness on his smooth skin.

I really couldn't bear it any longer. While fervently kissing him and rubbing our thighs against each other, my hand crept under the pillow to retrieve the prepared items.

Our lips parted, and he caught a glimpse of the items in my hand. Lifting his hand, he took them. Then he rolled over and pinned me below him as his hand slid down my backside.

I was taken aback. Not having time to react, my bottom felt ice-cold.

"I'll do it." His voice was hoarse.

I was still tongue-tied when his finger successfully squeezed in.

I almost felt like fainting. Quickly sparing no effort, I began to struggle, but I was firmly pressed down.

"Your insides...are so hot..."

Damn it, at a time like this, he used Chinese. Having someone say that in the mother tongue, increased the goose bumps on my back. I really was not in the mood to thank him for his praise. I only wanted to promptly get rid of the finger that's moving inside.

I had worked so hard just so I could find someone for me to top, not for someone to top me.

Moreover with one look he was, in this aspect, just a child with no experience at all; a hot-blood who had also mistakenly taken a pill. I now lay flat here because

of his doing. Was I seeking for death?

Within my body, the finger increased to two. The color of my face must have looked terrible, and so he slightly paused. “Can’t do it?”

I managed to graciously smile and decided to put aside the pretense of using English. I went straight to the point and negotiated with the mother tongue: “I’ve only always been a top.”

He paused for a moment and then spoke: “So have I.”

The atmosphere was a bit awkward. Both at a deadlock. His member remained stubbornly against my behind with no intention of retreating. I was clear about the situation at hand. Either someone gives in, or we fall out and leave our respective way.

I weighed it out for a few seconds. Chuckling, I yielded. I tried to relax as I let his fingers ease in.

Still feeling very awkward.

This could be one sign of getting old.

At such an old age, I really didn’t have any assets. Even if I gave you the freedom to pick who, I may not have given you the freedom to choose who is top and bottom.

Yet, I also consoled myself that this type of guy can only be found by accident and not through seeking. All of them weren’t as splendid as him.

Moreover, he’s younger than me by eighteen years, almost half my age.

What can I be fussy about?

With a bitter smile, a stiff posture on the bed, and hips raised high, I felt him covering my back as his erection pressed against my buttocks and slowly advanced in.

Although it's very rude to say, but...

...this fucking hurts so much!

Penetrated by him like this, my tears nearly rolled down my face.

First time, what first time!

This was practically torture. Midway through, I just couldn't take it anymore and wanted to scream out, "I quit," but obviously that's not likely. I could only bravely bite down on the pillow, refusing to moan too loudly. I forcibly pushed myself to loosen, letting him gradually drive all the way in.

Once he began to jerk, my senses were almost like the earth nearing its destruction.

My rear was blazing hot with pain and nearly split open as he plunged his thickness. Then he moved rhythmically over and over, while I was rendered speechless. I felt as if he reached the very depths of me. My visions blurred. My head dizzy.

If it wasn't for my pride, I might have already pleaded out loud.

And it was at this sort of position that I was tightly embraced and heavily pinned for a good while. My kneeling legs felt weak. The cock between my legs that was originally limp because of the pain slowly expanded a little once more.

The pain didn't fade away, but amongst it mingled that sort of subtle pleasure that gradually increased in intensity. I was a little bewildered as I let him fiddle around and turn my body over, and powerless to resist as he held up my

buttocks and pressed the groin, plunging in.

From the back and forth impact of the body, sounds became slick and sticky, his movements growing more out of control. Salute to those damn godsend pills. First time being the bottom, and it's this kind of fierce experience. I really wish to weep without tears.

Unable to cry out, my legs were parted yet again, and were severely driven into.

Amongst the intense rhythm, there wasn't even a chance to gasp for breath. Completely not bothering what position it was, my rear was repeatedly crammed and ravaged. The sore pain and hot sensation left the waist without an ounce of strength.

Doing it till later when I finally couldn't bear it. Unable to care about the humiliation, I sobbed in his embrace.

Bottom isn't really what one fucking does...

Ultimately, I was back into the position of being penetrated while face to face. To be firmly pinned onto the bed and ruthlessly shoved in and out for nearly half an hour, I felt that this old life of mine can no longer be secured.

Fortunately, before I could no longer breathe, he rammed in several times and stopped at last.

It was sticky and wet between my legs, painful and itchy; the burst of spasms made my legs tremble even now.

I felt him, after pulling out, hugging me from behind and massaging my chest to help me ease my breathing.

One hand stretched out and repeatedly touched my cheek. It seemed like he was intently studying me again.

"What's your name?"

My waist was close to falling apart. The bones in my entire body were as if they had been disassembled. Painful and weak. Half dead and paralyzed on the bed. Hearing him closing in to my ear to speak, I felt ticklish. My heart nearly stopped beating and at that instant, strongly jumped twice.

"Lee."

He still persistently asked with a soft tone: "Name."

I was slightly hesitant, but eventually opened up. "Lee Mo Yan."

I hadn't used this name for a very long time and disliked it.

Mo Yan, don't delay. You must not delay any longer. A sad, sour feel, as if pressing me.

I was pressed like such toward old age.

"Okay, I got it." He paused and said: "I'm Ke Luo."

"It's these two characters." He pulled my hand and held it. He earnestly wrote the strokes clear on my palm. Despite being weak, I still smiled.

So cute.

With the lights turned off, we should've lay down properly, separated from each other as we prepare to sleep. After a moment passed, he came over and hugged me from behind with his face sticking to my back in the posture of a small child falling asleep while cuddling a plaything.

I don't know why. Maybe it was due to drinking too much tonight. But as I

listened to him speak, my head easily swelled in feverish heat with my heart beating wildly.

A young man's clean, refreshed scent and the air so warm, made one feel exceptionally comfortable. I inhaled and drifted off into slumber.

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

Love Late vol.1 - ch2

10/5/13 update: minor edits
Proofread by: yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning**

A glimpse into Lee's past. OAO

Chapter two

I had slept like the dead. It seemed like once I closed my eyes and opened them, it was already daylight.

I hadn't had such a good night's sleep for so long. It was much better than the result of taking prescribed medicine from a dietician.

I turned over slightly and saw the boy beside me, sleeping deeply. Half exposed from the covers was his face with jellylike lips faintly pouting, long

eyelashes, and an elegant nose that felt cold. His arms were still placed on my waist, a very clingy sleeping habit.

For fear of waking him up, I twisted my position sideways, unable to take my eyes off his face.

When I first saw him, I didn't realize how rare such a beautiful boy was, but the more I looked at him, the more captivated I was. It's a one in a million rarity that there would be such a face as this that would make people unconsciously entranced.

The pants lying on the floor suddenly rang out with a guu guu sound, vibrating non-stop. I immediately woke up from the daydream and scrambled over in a fluster. I fished out the cell phone, and then set it on mute. "Hello?"

"Lee, where are you? We're all waiting for you!"

After hastily looking at my watch, I realized I had made an appointment with someone to discuss some matters. That evening, I had played too hard and actually slept until now.

"Sorry, give me twenty minutes. I'll be there immediately."

I turned to look at Ke Luo. He still hadn't woken up.

I couldn't bear to leave such a sleeping beauty, but there would be disastrous damage if I don't leave now. I had to endure the splitting ache from my lower body. Grimacing, I rushed to get dressed.

Before I left, I still couldn't help but gaze upon him some more. I reached out and touched his resting pink cheeks.

The young man's skin with that smooth feeling, continued to linger on my fingers. For the entire rest of the day, I was restless, only thinking about that sleeping face of his.

It had been a long time since I've had these kinds of fanciful thoughts wave after wave. It was just a pity that this time, my body suffered a serious damage. For several days, I sat unsteadily with my bottom aching. My waist was sore and my back was in pain to the point that I needed to apply herbal plaster.

Even at work, it was extremely strenuous, let alone going out and chasing men.

At night, sitting with a blanket over and a massager around the waist, I sighed helplessly. The more I thought of it, the more I regretted it. If I had known earlier at that time, I should have mercilessly shaken him awake and asked for his phone number as well.

I didn't expect to have any real progress. But if we can meet occasionally to have dinner, listening to his voice wouldn't be too bad, and maybe the pain in my waist will fade away a bit faster.

At long last, I broke free from the dreadful state of restlessly sitting, as if on pins and needles, to look for food. I immediately felt my way familiarly back to that bar.

Meeting my old friends again, it was inevitable that I'd be inquired about that night's "good fortune." Paul laughed with drool running down, "How was it?

Seeing you rest for such a long time, that night must've been pretty good?"

Straightaway, my bottom dully ached again. I could only force a calm nod.

"How many times did you do it altogether?"

Not able to put it off, I vaguely held up my fingers.

Sure enough, a number of people were greatly taken aback. They looked me up and down in disbelief, "Wow..."

"Are you talking about the number of times or the number of rounds?"

"It doesn't show..."

"[Old but still vigorous](#)..."

"Where'd you buy the drug?"

"You must've had fun..."

I had an unspeakable bitter suffering and could only display an inscrutable face.

Everyone, one by one, started to seek out something to pass the night. Even though I had come for Ke Luo, I also knew that I wouldn't be so lucky. As I sat for a while, I gradually began to feel hopeless and afterwards, I looked around,

ready to prey.

“Lee, what do you say about that one?”

I looked out, following the direction of his eyes, “Paul, I’ll give you a word of advice: you should be a little realistic.”

“How would you know if you’ve never tried? Maybe he likes my type.”

“...I told you to be more realistic.”

“Don’t underestimate me. I’ve recently been working out.” Paul energetically lifted his shirt for us to see his stomach. “It’s smaller, right?”

“...Paul, it’s better to face reality...”

He was still talking to himself, “Over time, I’ll be able to work out sexy abs. Until then...heh, heh...”

Upon seeing him display the so-called “seducing pose,” our faces all darkened.

“Forget about it.”

Paul “seduced” for a long time, and there was still no market. On the contrary, a red-haired man frequently looked at me, full of interest. I finished one drink and, intentionally or not, adjusted my stance, fully demonstrating my own asset: tall stature.

Under the exchanging of our eyes, the man then came over smiling. He said a “hi” and closed in beside me: “You alone?”

That living and kicking Paul beside me, although crowing his complaints, still took the hint and walked away.

The man who arrived didn’t look that bad: a nose ring, an assortment of lip rings, a large tattoo spread over his bare arms; such man should be tolerant in pain.

“Just call me Adam.”

The man’s height was half a head shorter than mine - medium build, and bulging arm muscles; quite sturdy.

For me, who has a preference for beautiful boys, the upper body was too well-built, far too robust, but...oh, well, it can still be considered over the choice of loneliness.

Exchanging a few words and drinking two glasses, you came to me with your little tricks, and the meaning between us became very clear.

“Your muscles are pretty.”

“Your ass is too.”

“ ... ”

The conversation bounded for a straightforward, efficient course. I was caught off guard when I heard from the back, a voice that had just gotten over the period of vocal change. “Mo Yan, you’re here today.”

I spat out my mouthful of wine, spraying on Adam’s face. I scrambled to clean up the scene. When I turned my head, I saw Ke Luo.

He was wearing a sport jacket today, delicate and beautiful, a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. As if he had just come down from a sport field, he even had a book bag strapped over one shoulder.

“Long time no see. When did you arrive?” Forcing a calm demeanor, I had quickly wiped under my mouth and changed to Chinese.

“I just finished my lab papers and on the way, came to take a look.”

“Oh...”

He was still out of breath. He stood beside me, ordered one bottle of water, and raised his head to drink, appearing to be very thirsty. After drinking, he carefully held the empty water bottle in his hand and rubbed it back and forth, making a crinkling sound.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“How come you didn’t leave a word and left that day?”

“Ah, I had an urgent business...”

“You could have woken me up.”

“My apologies...”

He bit down on his thin lips, “Um...”

Not understanding our gabbling, Adam interrupted with an impatient tone:
“What are you guys talking about?”

Ke Luo tilted his head, “Is he your date?”

“No, we just met.”

“Then are you leaving with him tonight?”

“...uh-huh.” Although I love your type more, you came late.

Ke Luo revealed a look of despair, “How could you do this? I was obviously the first to know you this time...can’t it be me?”

I was speechless; shocked simply for this pure heart of his that’s on the verge of extinction in this world.

I was not entirely over from being emotionally touched when that red-haired, exact bed partner of mine stepped forward and pulled him away, “You brat, what the heck are you doing?”

“This man is mine.” Ke Luo’s finger was directed at me, like nailing an iron plate on a landmark.

Being popular should be a good thing, but having him say it like that made my old face flush all of a sudden. I hated that I couldn’t dig a hole and hide my face in it.

The red-haired young man waved his arm as he scoffed, “Say it again after you’ve beaten me.”

Nobody would fight in this bar. Everyone was very aware that it was a common approach to compete with an arm wrestle. It was simply swift and clean.

Having excitement worth seeing, the surrounding idlers held their drinks and gathered around. They buzzed as they watched from the sidelines.

It’s not as if this kind of thing hadn’t happened before. When I was younger, I’d also been so popular, but Ke Luo made me feel a bit flattered.

In the past, those kids were infatuated with my bed techniques and masculinity. That was easy to understand. But I don’t think me performing like a screaming pig that night was anything good for him to be hung up on.

I tried to make myself enjoy this kind of honorary feeling of being fought over, but I dreaded a little in seeing Ke Luo's delicately pretty face having a defeated expression.

That arm Adam had placed on the table, who knew how much strength his muscles had in comparison. He'd apparently often battled out with victories. Ke Luo, just don't lose too unsightly.

Yet, the two men were actually at a deadlock for a while. It was really unexpected that Ke Luo wasn't a quick kill. All in all, he was young.

The atmosphere had somewhat heated up, but not even a minute passed and the crossed arms eventually leaned toward Ke Luo's side. Although slow, the movement stayed on track.

Ke Luo suddenly clenched his teeth, and the arms, which were already slanted sixty degrees, slowly retreated back to being upright once again. Amidst the screaming crowds, he quickly and firmly slammed down his opponent onto the tabletop.

There was no time for people to digest this kind of miraculous counter-move. They could only stare, gaping and exclaiming "wow, wow" non-stop. Who knew where this sudden strange power of his came from?

Ke Luo stood up while Adam was still stupefied, rubbing his arms as if half dreaming.

"Come on."

I was still stunned, blindly letting out a “Wow.” Ke Luo already had his arms around my shoulders. He was very happy with a child-like joy from winning.

It was the first time I was exchanging hugs from this kind of character. For a moment, I was at a loss as to what to do. Although I had a foreboding feeling about his strength, my face still heated and my heart fluttered.

Ke Luo’s body was good enough. It wasn’t the [“井” character muscle type](#) from training in a gym, but he obviously had the physique of a fresh young man with a passion for sports.

So upon entering the room, as we began to kiss, even when I had resorted to using everything I had, I still couldn’t gain the upper hand. Gasping for breath as I rolled onto the bed, it was still me on the bottom and Ke Luo on top.

“Hold, hold on...” Are you kidding me? This time it should be my turn to be the main attacker, right?

“I’ve really missed you.”

The unexpected line of confession instantly made one’s entire body weak. It was practically a starry-eyed infatuated feel of all my strength being drawn out.

Between the sheets, it was again the sappy speech that I’d long heard in the cocoon of my ears. In any case, no matter how nice it was, it was only for play; not to be taken for value at all. But I didn’t know why I just lacked the immunity when it came to this young child.

“I want to see you every day.” His expression was so well-behaved and serious

that it seemed as if he was saying the truth.

“ ... ”

“When dreaming, I always dream of you.”

“ ... ”

“If only I could see you each day.”

“ ... ”

Under his devoted gaze, I was practically almost out of focus. Oh, please, don't overdo it. Granted I knew these mushy words were only to spice things up. If we continued on like this, I'd have an out-of-body experience.

My bones were soaked by the sweet speech and honeyed words to their weakened state. Under the fervent kissing and caressing, clothes not completely shed off, I was already stirring with excitement between my legs as I entered the state of preparing for war.

Indeed it had been several days since I'd enjoyed myself there. At any rate, today I should let it be satisfied once more.

Merely envisioning the scene of pressing Ke Luo beneath my body and delving deeper with my caresses, my entire body became feverish. And my hands from his bare firm waist trailed down, kneading. “Oh!”

Before I could finish breathing in with satisfaction, my own lower body was suddenly lifted by a hold on my hips and my legs were greatly separated. My scalp tingled at once, “hey!”

He used those eyes, as if captivated, to gaze at me. And then, expressing sincerity, he came over and licked.

“...” [Oh, my god](#), I’m gonna die, I’m gonna die...

While my soul flew beyond the sky, he, with that fluid movement, kissed all the way down. During the time I was a little flustered by the teasing, his lips had already shifted to between my legs.

Having him strongly suck my inner thighs and carefully nibbling, I could only continue breathing deeply with my legs almost cramping.

“Wait, wait a minute...”

Ke Luo’s nose adorably gave out a low hum. He opened my legs more and attentively licked the roots. He caressed back and forth with his tongue, and then, with one mouthful, swallowed my front end, which overflowed with desire.

Oh, gosh, my, my blood pressure...

Apart from the panting, I couldn’t do anything. All that remained of my senses were in my fondled cock. Besides his warm mouth and quick-witted tongue, I couldn’t feel anything else.

Ultimately, shuddering in his mouth, it poured out. Until he removed his lips, I was still immersed in that kind of intense post-release lazy pleasure. My legs trembled non-stop and my back remained numb.

While I was grateful of his swallowing action, I was, out of the blue, held and flipped over.

Shocked, there was a sudden chill between my thighs. I felt the intrusion of a foreign body. I didn't have time to react when I was ruthlessly entered, swelling with pain.

“ ... ”

Ah! Fuck, I'm topped again!

Persisting with a powerful rhythm, the bed creaked and grated, for who knew how long, before I was able to rest.

My back almost broken, heaving as I lay on my stomach; my hip region, scorching hot, greatly covered in wet stickiness that made one's scalp tingle.

Ke Luo was still lying on my back with his arms tightly latched around my waist. He finally moved. The sensation of that kind of cock pulling out from the inside made me feel like crying without tears left to shed.

This time, he hadn't even given me a chance to discuss it.

According to him, it's so easy to settle out an old uncle like me. He only

needed to lick and I'd forget myself completely, foolishly blanking out and letting him gain control.

It's been going downhill since I gave in the last time. I really couldn't have imagined that I, myself, would be like today, a loser.

Don't tell me that it's a must once you get old?

"Mo Yan."

"Call me Lee."

I hated being called so. I always thought it sounded weak whenever I heard it. I despised it the most when people think I'm weak.

"...are you unhappy?"

I didn't like the feeling of being dominated, not to mention by a kid like this, who was so much younger than me.

"Mo Yan, Mo Yan..."

Ahhh, still calling me that! Does he want to die?

"Don't take a shower. Let's just sleep like this."

He held me tightly, refusing to let go. We had wrestled for a while, and then he

flipped me over. Face to face, he embraced me. Buttering me up, he kissed my eyelid as if he really liked me.

“Don’t go, all right?”

Being lovingly pestered like this, I was at a standstill for a while. My back was also in tremendous pain. I should soften down.

Seeing him nuzzle as he nestled against my chest, like a spoiled child, preparing to sleep, the pieces of my self-esteem were recovered for the most part at last.

He was a child after all...and anyway, I was the man. I couldn’t bicker with him.

With my entire body in pain, and feeling unbearably tired, I was drifting into sleep until I was tugged at. I forced my eyes open, “What?”

His beautiful eyebrows creased together like he was distressed about a bad memory. “Don’t run off while I’m asleep. Don’t leave me alone without a word.”

The spoken words made my heart jump. I thought it was impossible...but could this brat really have fallen for me?

“Mo Yan...”

“What do you want?”

His lips drew near. Not having enough time to open my mouth and curse, I was firmly kissed, my legs separated, and the fiery object pressed against my rear again.

Fuck, I'd already let him top me for hours. What more does he want?!

This time I really couldn't get back. I'd never in my lifetime had such a loss.

Pressed on the bed and tossed about in every possible way, I couldn't struggle out of it. I was completely helpless while I groaned and cursed. I resolved that the next time I see this brat, I must go around him. No matter how beautiful a boy he is after my own heart, it wasn't as important as my old life.

I finally slept enough and woke up with my head swelling a bit. I absent-mindedly reached out my hand to grab the watch on the bedside for the time, but grabbed at empty space. I then recalled that I wasn't sleeping at home.

This was a place Ke Luo rented. Last night, being too impatient, we kissed with no time to talk as we were going upstairs. I couldn't even care about being seen by someone, so when would I have the time to see what this house looked like?

Now I looked around. This spacious apartment was tidied, clean and comfortable. The colors of the wallpapers and curtains were very refreshing. There weren't very many things. What caught my eyes was the variety of sport balls that were neatly in a row. There were also ice skates, helmet and protection gears, a hockey stick; he even had boxing gloves. I almost thought I was lying in a sport goods store.

Fortunately, next to the laptop on the desk across from me, was a simple but elegant vase. Two roses were inserted in. The mug next to it had a Winnie the Pooh on it.

Turned out he was still...a small child.

“Are you awake?” The bedroom door opened and a head poked out with hair still wet.

“Oh.” With my body uncomfortable, I was going to get up, but my posture wasn’t correct and I twisted it a bit. My face immediately distorted in pain.

For, for Christ’s sake, my waist...

“You can’t get up?”

Damn it...

Ke Luo ran over barefooted. With his hands going under my arms, he embraced me. “Did you sprain your waist?”

I clearly hadn’t gotten old to that point yet!

“I’ve gotten medication to help rub on you.”

The scent of medicated ointment gradually spread throughout the house. I’d always hated this kind of smell, but with the safflower oil, along with the feeling of my waist being massaged, it was indeed very affectionate.

Lying on my stomach, I let him rub my waist.

I seemed to smell a hint of dry straws burning in an earth stove in the countryside, with the pitter patter of rainwater falling down from the eaves, and the clay floor wet and dirty; back burning hot, fiery pain.

“Mo Yan.”

“Hm?” I woke up with a start. Those were just illusions. The pain in my waist was already a bit lighter.

“I made congee for breakfast. Try some. I brought it for you.”

On the tray was a Chinese style breakfast that I had not eaten for a long time: white congee, cut duck eggs, dried fish, and two half-long fried dough sticks.

I suddenly felt a bit light-headed. This type of breakfast, which I don't usually have, is not hard to have at a Chinese restaurant; but for decades, I would never touch them. I wouldn't even look at it. That kind of stuff made my teeth ache.

Not able to hold the chopsticks, I coughed and placed my hand on my forehead.

“Mo Yan, you're not eating?”

My temples ached dully even more. I really didn't want to hear someone calling me like that.

“Go away.”

“You’re not feeling well?”

“Go away.” My bad mood gathered up. The room was filled with the smell of medicated ointment, and I loathed this kind of feeling.

“What’s wrong?” Ke Luo approached me. He cupped my face and rubbed the corners of my eyes. “Does it hurt?”

Mo Yan, does it hurt? You’ll get a lot better applying this medication... Mo Yan, there’s congee today. Would you like some? Share some with your little brother, okay...

For decades, no one had called me by that name. To be reminded over and over again, it would basically drive me crazy.

Heavily gasping for air, my lips were suddenly blocked by something warm and soft.

After going through the wet and slippery kiss, I heard him say: “Poor thing...”

How am I poor?

Being held tightly and, like being consoled, my eyelids were kissed repeatedly. I was enraged. I wanted to lash out at him to teach him a lesson. He didn’t even know who the elder was.

“Mo Yan, let me take care of you.”

I almost fainted. This was really the biggest insult of my life. I nearly felt like

throwing a punch and beating up the brat.

But when I heard those words through my ears, my heart suddenly pounded uncontrollably.

Indeed there are people who have been looking forward to these words. It's a small, thin, dark child with the head not yet reaching to that of a woman's waist, using the back of clenched fists to wipe off tears, though not a single sound was made.

A woman cried, saying, "Mo Yan, I can't take care of you anymore."

He just firmly swallowed his breath and ran after the car; with one leg swollen from a beating, he couldn't run fast.

At that time, in his dreams, he would always want to hear someone saying something like that. But it never came.

I gasped heavily and then coughed twice. I felt as though my body was weakening.

"Do you have a fever?"

I was a little uneasy as I saw him trying to take my temperature. My body was kept very well-maintained. I tried my best not to get sick, avoiding any slight illness.

What I fear was that feeling of weakness.

“You’re very hot. You probably caught a cold last night.”

...it’s because I was jabbed by you until I broke down!

After taking the medicine Ke Luo found for me, I went back to sleep. The uncomfortable feeling was becoming more and more intense. My nose hadn’t stopped running. I could only shrink into the covers; my head shivering with dizziness. Ke Luo seemed to like seeing me weak like this as he lay down beside me, holding me. I immediately woke up and firmly pushed against him, “Go away. Go to the living room.”

The one topping ending up being topped was already unlucky enough. I didn’t want to be done like this and that again while sick.

With Ke Luo driven out, I can be at ease and carry on falling deeply into unconsciousness. I persistently believed that if you suffer through and “sweat out sickness,” you’ll get better. I was completely curled up under the covers, tightly wrapped.

Again, my ears were filled with the sound of rain, but not a woman’s cries. Feet splashed with mud, bare feet frozen with raw pain. My shoes were on my little brother’s feet, suspected to be too big. He stood unsteadily with his finger in his mouth and black eyes looking at me.

“Over five years old and it’ll be difficult to sell. They can still remember things. No one wants to raise them.”

“So that small one...hehe.” The man laughed along.

“Too frail. Not much pounds on him. I’m just afraid that he won’t be able to survive.”

“What about the older one...”

“No way. He looks to be six, seven years old.”

“I only have two sons. If you don’t choose one, I can’t even get the money to repay you...”

“No money and you still bet? Don’t have me tell you that it’s still not enough even if you sell them both, then how much more can your *wife* sell for?” Not quite understanding, I struggled to hold my little brother. He was still sucking his finger. His small, pale, thin face lacked brightness. I found a small rock for him to play with. He looked at it for a while, and then put it into his mouth.

“Spit, spit it out fast...”

I hastily reached into his mouth and dug for it. When I finally dug it out, he cried. Because he had no strength, his voice wasn’t loud.

“Big brother, big brother...”

“Good boy, good boy...” I took him in my arms and awkwardly bounced and rocked him. In my pocket there was still the bird egg that was taken from a bird’s nest last time. It was half the size of my thumb. I couldn’t bear to eat it.

My little brother cried so miserably that even venting was a struggle. I thought about it and thought again. I still coldheartedly took it out and gave it to him.

My little brother put it in his mouth and eagerly sucked it. But it clearly didn't have any taste. He spitted out in disappointment, and again cried, "Big brother, big brother."

"Be good. You can eat this..."

As I was going to carefully peel off the shells of that tiny egg, I was taken by surprised when a pair of hands reached over and took him away from my arms.

"Mo Yan, you stay there."

Frightened, my little brother cried, "Big brother, big brother," as he was carried out the door. It was then that I slowly came to a realization and knew to chase after him. I ran out barefooted and grabbed my little brother's dangling foot, but I was smacked into staggering.

I cried while I crammed the half peeled egg into his tiny palm: "You take this. You can eat this, Mo..."

Mo what? What was his name?

As if stepping on air, I drew out my feet. Covered in cold sweat, I opened my eyes, gasping for breath. My heart was still pounding hard. It was quiet all around. It was still daylight. No rain. No one crying. Nothing at all.

The towel on the pillow was somewhat cold. It should be sweat. So I had really sweated.

I swallowed hard and rolled over. Panting, I closed my eyes again.

It would be fine once my temperature lowered, and then I wouldn't have any more nightmares.

“How pitiful. Offended someone and then was hacked on the street by the debt collector.”

“This is retribution.”

“The dead body was torn apart piece by piece. Oh, my...”

I worked hard weaving the rope in my hands. Not quite understanding, I listened.

“Mo Yan, have you heard? You're father has struck lucky. He doesn't need to return any more debt owed to Crippled Nine.”

“Hush, don't say anymore. His family just took the small three year old son to repay a debt...”

“So to speak, Crippled Nine took the small child away...”

“What about the small child then?”

“Probably dead.”

“Mo Yan, Mo Yan!”

I struggled amongst a violent shaking and couldn't gasp for breath. My heart pounded as if it was going to explode.

“What's wrong?” That voice sounded like it was from the dream as well. I just grabbed my head in confusion and desperately tore at my hair.

“Mo Yan, you're having a nightmare. Come on, wake up.”

Hoarsely whimpering, I blindly thrashed around, grabbing and scratching. It's a dream. It's only a dream...I was nearly going crazy.

“Don't be like this. I'm here. Don't be afraid. Wake up.”

In confusion, I grabbed a hand, like that time I grabbed my little brother's palm. It was obviously that tiny and soft, a palm that just a few fingers could grab onto. Yet now, it seemed like it had grown bigger, wide and strong.

He had probably grown up. Turned out he was living a nice life in a good home.

I gradually quieted down. Clutching that hand as I breathed through clenched teeth, I slowly sank into the darkness yet again.

[Chapter 1](#)

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Love Late vol.1 - ch3

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Proofread by: yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning**

A dash of sweetness and bitterness...

Chapter Three

This time I slept very deeply, a dark mass without dreams. It seemed as if just holding that hand had calmed me down.

Upon waking up, the day was subtly bright again. I blinked repeatedly. It took a long while until I came back to my senses. Ke Luo slept beside me. Although his hand was tightly held by me, his arms encircled me.

My head was still dully aching, but the burning hot feeling had disappeared. I had broken out into sweat that even my hair was all wet. Absent-mindedly, I shifted away from Ke Luo's arms and staggered into the bathroom. I found the on and off handles for hot water and I drenched myself thoroughly in the steaming heat.

The longer I showered, the more clear-headed I became. I gradually remembered those crazy dreams and my own loss of control. I realized that I lost face yet again in front of Ke Luo.

I wanted to leave after getting dressed, but I felt that it would be somewhat rude. Then I remembered his continuing insistence the night before. I wrote a note with the message, "I'm off," placed it on his bed, and fled.

I didn't know if it's because [it's difficult the first time and easier the second time around](#), but I recovered faster than last time; though this was nothing to be proud of.

I was in better health. I stopped having nightmares. I also quickly resumed to normal life. It was no different than before.

I won't be as weak as to get trapped in that kind of memory with no means of getting out.

Time had passed, and they're all dead. Only faint shadows remained from the dark things decades ago. They had long been tossed far behind me.

I was always walking forward, never looking back no matter what.

During noon break, I pondered in the office on what kind of pizza to order for lunch. I was getting lazier now. I even refused to walk a few steps to take the elevator up to the restaurant on the top floor. Moreover, I was too lazy to think about the menu. I might as well rely on this big, affordable flatbread to manage the solution.

My lower abdomen, which was already not firm enough, had recently continued to sag. On top of that, I had the onset of the lazy disease. Dragged, I didn't want to go to the gym. If I go on like this, my figure will deteriorate. I was afraid that my chance of catching pretty boys would decrease.

As I was thinking of pretty boys, my mind jumped to Ke Luo's image. I couldn't help but have a great attachment, making it hard to part from him. Although I didn't take into account of how cheap he was, I'd eaten a tiny bit of him anyway. Looking back, the aroma lingered in my mouth, so savory.

A young man was just that good...only it's a shame he was also a top...

"Mr. Lee, there's someone looking for you."

"Let him in."

It was probably the arrival of my Italian flatbread. With little interest, I brushed aside the documents on my desk, clearing a space ready for the box.

There was a knock on the door. I responded by raising my eyes. Taken off guard, I swept from the corners of my eyes over a tall and straight figure. The young man, who stood at the door's entrance, saw me looking up and gave a "hi," exposing a big, bright smile.

The feeling I had was not something I could describe while in shock. “How did you know about this place?”

“While you were sleeping, I took the opportunity to get your business card.” Ke Luo replied happily.

“...” This little brat.

“I had exams the past two days, so I didn’t have free time. Today, I just happen to be passing by after class.” He shook the bag in his hand. “I bought [dim sum](#) for you to have.”

“Oh...thank you.” I coughed, shifted a little, and shifted some more. Seeing him, my bottom would reflexively feel uncomfortable with a sliver of coldness.

Ke Luo came over on his own and pulled up a chair to sit down beside me. The bag was set on the desk. From it, he took out a few boxes of Chinese [dim sum](#). When he opened them, they were still steaming.

I’d always been persistent in awful, dull Western food. Upon seeing this, I became a bit objectionable, but Ke Luo had already picked up a thin-skinned, mouth-opening big dumpling directly in front of me. As if evading a hidden weapon, I dodged again and again. Not letting off easily, those chopsticks still unyieldingly charged over. I had no choice but to open my mouth. I should just take the entire thing and force myself to bite into it.

It was celery-flavored [shrimp dumpling](#)¹. I could taste the flavor of pork ball. I absent-mindedly finished chewing and swallowed it down. The tasty, succulent sensation still remained in my mouth.

“Delicious, right?”

I cleared my throat and was about to speak when another thing was wedged against my lips. Being taken by a surprise attack, I had no time to speak and could only open my mouth and bite into it.

The flavor was undeniably good. It was fresh shrimp and shark fin [shao mai](#)
2... I was unable to control my facial expression a bit.

In my bones, I actually still liked Chinese food, but whenever I ate it, I'd always resist it to the extreme. I was always like this toward everything of my past, the things that belong to that place.

At last, I abandoned myself to despair as I held the chopsticks, bitterly immersed in eating. On the side, Ke Luo rested his chin and watched. My manner of using knives and forks could be described as perfect, but me holding chopsticks was almost like holding a lethal weapon. It was fine if I just stab into it, because it really had been far too long since I'd used chopsticks.

“You’ve gotten some over here.” Ke Luo suddenly reached over with his finger and rubbed the corner of my mouth.

I settled my state of mind and thought to myself: *even if you just lean over and lick me, nothing would happen. It would only be a kiss. And I was afraid you wouldn't do it.*

Who knew that he'd place that finger on his own lips and extend his tongue to lick it?

“ ... ”

Only when I coughed a number of times did I manage to cough off the uneasiness on my face.

Damn, so this was the so-called indirect kiss...

“Mo Yan, are you free over the weekend?”

For what? To check into a room? This time you came to me. Let's discuss it properly. First, make it clear who will be on the top and bottom before continuing.

“Let's go swimming, okay?”

Did you think I was eighteen? If I had a tumble, then wouldn't I have to immediately call an ambulance?

“Okay?” In one hold, he embraced me and rubbed against me like a small animal.

I was going to die. Turned out he can act like a spoiled child.

“I don't know how.” One had to firmly resist from being pulled in when facing such charms.

“Then basketball? Football? Whatever you can do is fine. If you can’t do anything, we can go bungee jumping?”

“...” I really was thrown into bewilderment, “basket-basketball then.”

Once I responded in confusion, I felt his arms tighten. And then his lips came near.

“Oh...”

Fortunately, he only kissed for a few seconds with his tongue reaching in for just a moment. I could only gasp a little, not to the extent of completely forgetting myself.

“I really like you.”

“...” I felt at odds having him say that, with my head feverish and my chest pounding.

We’re not really getting serious, right?

I felt that having Ke Luo abduct me to play a game of basketball wasn’t too awful, because there were those who were older than me on the court. It looked like there were even seventy-year olds at least. When compared to them, I was very high-spirited and vigorous.

Although it had been a long time since I’d touch a basketball and my hands were already raw, I quickly warmed up as I played. A group of people varying

in levels, ages, occupations were running and jumping together. The mess of a spectacle was indeed a mess, yet I gradually developed a blood-boiling sensation.

In the end, I didn't score that much and I carelessly took an elbow to my side. But then I was in good spirit all day long. I didn't think that I could be so stirred up without even relying on drugs.

I enthusiastically accompanied Ke Luo to go buy a book, a CD, a newly arrived baseball glove, and food. Unknowingly, I was taken back home by Ke Luo.

By the time I realized it, I was already sitting at the table, looking longingly for Ke Luo to bring out the food.

The following days, besides work, were mixed up with him. The time used to consort with old friends at the pleasure district were freed up and filled with something much better.

I accompanied Ke Luo to pick popular CDs that I stopped listening to long ago, to drive all over the place for enjoyment, to hurry and catch a movie, to play basketball while crammed together in noisy chaos with a group of people I don't know, to follow him in ice skating, to play hockey, to nest in his apartment playing video games, and to make my own food.

It was as if I had simply turned back time, reliving the life of a young person and not feeling weary.

Together with Ke Luo, time flew by quickly. We were obviously still tackling

the crab bought from a Chinese store in preparation for dinner, and, in a blink of an eye, it already past midnight.

Spending the night together is a matter of course. There was no one who could resist a boy like Ke Luo at all.

But the number of times of actually doing it all the way to penetration wasn't that many.

Every time, I had to keep on turning and rolling half the day away for the sake of determining who was on top and who was on bottom. My strength was of no use. Once I was pinned down, I, for the most part, turned against him and made a scene; dead or alive, not letting him top.

So the most we did were just kissing and caressing, mouth and hand techniques only.

I had long been one among experts, full to the brim with ample sexual experiences. Yet, that thrilling feeling was very unfamiliar to me.

It turned out that those clearly lame romance magazines weren't exaggerating. My mind would go blank as we fondled each other. The saying that with just one kiss, the entire body would burn as if being set on fire and such...was true.

That sort of feeling was unlike the decadence of the past when I had looked for people to spend the night with. It was strange. If spoken out, I can't clearly explain it.

It's almost like I was in love.

But to say we're lovers, we're not really so. In love, both sides needed to understand each other, yet Ke Luo puzzled me. Besides his hobbies and his apartment, I knew nothing else of him.

I just felt that Ke Luo was quite capable. He arrived here not too long ago, but he was getting by quite proficiently. Nothing stumped him. There wasn't a road he'd passed once that he couldn't recall. Ke Luo often surprised me with bought dishes and raw food just to arrange a meal.

Of course, you could say that Chinatown had everything, but there were a lot of things not just anybody can find. And even if it was found, you may not be able to buy it.

Although he was only a small child coming here alone, he was more at home than the majority of people here.

He had no need for me to look after him.

What made me feel more uneasy was that Ke Luo was unlike those boys I had effortlessly bought from the past. He knew I had money, but had never asked me for anything. He wouldn't have much of a reaction to the expensive gifts I gave him.

That guy, Lin Jing, would always pat me in any case and say, "Lee, you treat me pretty nice." However, Ke Luo would only smile and say, "thank you," not paying much mind.

A boy like this, once he wants to leave, I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to keep

him from doing so. Moreover, I really liked the feeling of him by my side and couldn't bear to part from him.

I was old.

I had thought over how I could help him settle in this city. I had good financial resources. I knew quite a few people. I can give him a lot of good opportunities. As long as he wishes, he can have less of a struggle compared to his classmates for several years.

Fortunately, Ke Luo was also well-behaved. Once he had the time to come find me, he'd hang out with me all day and all night without a bored expression.

Nowadays, there were already very few boys that were devoted and faithful like him. Not to mention, he was sensible and considerate. When I made a scene yet again on the bed, he would never get angry.

Although he was at a very young age, he already knew how to spoil me.

The more I was with him, the more I felt I had picked up a treasure, and the more reluctant I was to let go.

"Are there messages for me?" This afternoon, I went out. By the time I came back to the office at nightfall, I couldn't help but ask my assistant.

"No." When she spoke, her face had on a lively dimple. "You've asked me *five* times today. What kind of message are you waiting for?"

“You ask too much.” Smiling, I patted her desk with the documents in my hand and strode off with casual naturalness.

Today Ke Luo didn’t contact me.

I had confirmed several times. There was no problem with the phone signal. The phone lines in the entire office, up and down, were completely clear. The inbox wasn’t full.

Usually I didn’t need to take the initiative, and he would naturally come find me. Even if he was busy with classes and exams, he would take time off to make a phone call over. This was a first to have no sign of activity like this.

I kept waiting until I returned home at night. I really couldn’t take it anymore and, for the first time, called his number.

After a rather long time, someone picked up on the other side. I cleared my throat: “It’s me.”

He recognized my voice, but his attitude didn’t have any special enthusiasm. “What is it?”

I composed myself a little, “Are you busy?”

“Yeah, I bought things and am tidying up the room.”

“I haven’t seen you at all today. I’ll go over shortly then.” I lightly hinted in my tone.

“I’m busy. I’ll be busy until very late.” He rejected very clear-cut.

My face suddenly became a bit feverish, and I gave a cough: “Then tomorrow? It’s the weekend tomorrow.”

“I can’t. I have a friend visiting me tomorrow.” With a grave voice, he seemed very nervous.

“Staying at your place?” Getting an affirmative reply, I chuckled. I reached for a cigarette and lighter from my pocket. “Then why don’t you come to my place tonight?”

“I can’t.”

“Accompany your friend in the day. Don’t tell me you’re accompanying your friend at night too?”

“Yeah, for these two days.”

“...” I lighted the cigarette and inhaled two mouthfuls. I was silent for a moment, then I smiled and sighed, “Well then, I’ll give you a call.”

“Don’t.”

“...” I smoked half the cigarette, but still couldn’t think of what to say.

“Is there anything else?”

“No. When your friend goes back, you can come find me then.”

He actually didn't answer right away and was quiet for a while. He gave me a line: “We'll see.”

After the phone hung up, I was still at a loss. It had crossed my mind before that Ke Luo would shift his affection and connect with someone else, but I'd never thought he'd change his attitude that fast. I didn't even have the time to adjust to the change.

I smoked two cigarettes, and my heartbeat slowly calmed down. I, then, stood on the balcony for some time.

This was nothing. Even if he derailed a couple times, it wasn't a big deal. In this society, these kinds of things were common anyway.

Ke Luo was previously so attached to me. He was such a stubborn child and wouldn't just change heart. He will certainly come back.

During the two-day weekend, I just sat at home, waiting for a message from Ke Luo. He actually wouldn't let me call and bother him. And I won't go spoil it for him. No good would come from that sort of straightforward, forceful method. I had never been so stupid.

One must give the other person leeway in all things.

I waited anyway. I was already at this age. I won't be impatient. I'll keep my composure.

These two days felt exceptionally long. When night came, it was even raining. I listened to the pitter patter outside, and then looked at the time on the wall clock. I was somewhat sleepy.

Ke Luo won't come in this kind of weather.

I had work tomorrow, so I couldn't stay up late again like the past two days. I let out a breath and pinched between my eyebrows.

The doorbell suddenly rang. I was ready to go upstairs when I heard it. I hurriedly turned around and strode over to open the door.

As I opened the door, I realized I had forgotten myself. I didn't even look through the front door peephole to see who it was. In the middle of the night, in this kind of place, being shot dead was like an [everyday home-style meal](#). Wasn't this seeking death?

I was actually so impatient that I lacked caution.

The young man standing outside the door was dripping wet. He didn't utter a sound, but just stood at the entrance.

I felt relieved. My body relaxed, somewhat weakened.

“Ke Luo.”

I knew he'd come back.

“How did you get so wet?”

I pulled him in. I chattered on as I looked for a towel to dry his hair. He just lowered his head, embraced my waist, and burrowed into my arms.

A rare intimacy – he really does like me the most in the end.

My heart wildly jumped. I let him hold me as I dried his damp hair. His cheeks that were drenched from the rain were cold and wet. The ice-cold touch made me feel somewhat sympathetic. I immediately stopped bearing grudges against him.

If he derails, he derails. He was only a small child anyway. Who doesn't have a time when they can't help it?

In an embrace, we went upstairs in the midst of thick, heavy kisses. He wrapped around me tightly with such a great strength as if he was going to lift me up. Being passionately caressed like this, I almost couldn't stand up any longer. I turned my hand behind me, held him, and strongly sucked on his lips.

I only lost two days, yet I nearly couldn't hold it any longer.

As expected, I was old. I needed him to stay by my side. I was already touched and was unable to retrieve it back.

Ke Luo kept fastening onto me, hardly relaxing, as if reluctant to even open his mouth to speak. He severely rubbed my back and kissed my chest sore.

He rarely became so out of control. I followed his intention by responding back. This time, I wasn't difficult in vying for the right to establish top and bottom.

It was fine to just make him happy. To show my softer side for once was nothing.

The feeling of being penetrated was still agonizingly difficult to bear. Moreover, today he had no patience. He only rushed through lubrication and then urgently drove in. I took deep breaths, trying to relax my entire body; yet with the waves of convulsion, I couldn't help grabbing his shoulders.

“Slow, slow down.”

“I missed you.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“...I like you.”

“Mm-hmm...”

“I only like you...”

The rhythmic movement began. It was so painful that I was unable to speak. I could only adjust my breathing and touch his head.

“Don’t leave me.”

The pain hit me more than the wild pleasure. His fragmented kisses and gentle voice made me relax significantly. I really liked this child to the point that merely hearing his sweet speech and honeyed words would relieve the pain.

“I love you...”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Shu Nian...”

My body chilled down all at once, rigid, unable to move.

Again he hazily called out: “Shu Nian.”

I felt like I had turned to stone as I lay stiffly, staring at him.

“Xiao Nian...”

I swallowed and raised my hand to grab his shoulder, “Who are you calling out to?”

He appeared to be awake all of a sudden. Slightly startled, he opened his eyes.

To be called with someone else's name in bed, this sort of deep humiliation, I had never in my lifetime experienced before.

“Which slut are you calling out to?”

He immediately glared at me with fierce animosity, “Don't you dare call him that!”

From my throat, I made an indistinct sound, wanting to burst out laughing, but not able to. After a while, I hoarsely said: “Get out.”

He was silent for a moment. He actually didn't express anything else. He simply pulled out, and then stood up. After putting on his clothes, he opened the door and left.

So clean and efficient.

I looked at myself. It had already completely softened down between my legs even though the fine hairs on my arms were still erect. Leaning against the head of the bed, my entire body remained naked and rigid. That kind of heat had long faded away. Only the pain from the split between my legs stood out.

I took two deep breaths, laughed at myself, and let out a curse. Then I took out a cigarette to smoke.

Yet my hands were slightly trembling.

Fuck this shitty world.

Miracle, love. Even Lin Jing stopped believing in this long before. This time, I actually held onto such longing.

What a big joke.

A thirty-year old man with an IQ of an eight-year old.

I lit a cigarette one after another and carried on smoking until the sky drizzled with light.

I was clear-headed. I had just been careless this time. If it was ten, twenty years ago, perhaps I wouldn't have been so obsessed with him and would not have shown such a big disgrace.

I had only been momentarily confused. It didn't matter to me. I had no weakness. I was merely old.

Shrimp dumpling¹:



Shao mai²:



[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

Love Late vol.1 - ch4

10/5/13 update: minor edits
Proofread by: yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

I've made all my translator notes into text that'll pop up if you hover your cursor over dotted red line text. That way you don't need to scroll all the way to the bottom to read 'em. X3

Chapter Four

No matter what it's like, I still had to go to the office the next day.

With neither illness nor disaster, I had no excuse for not going. In regards to the repercussions of no sleep overnight, it can be solved with two big cups of coffee and a tablet. As usual, I can still work to earn money and live well.

Only my pale complexion, after many tries, couldn't be solved. Getting through the whole night, I really can't be like when I was young and act as if nothing had happened. But I wouldn't let myself appear down and out.

It was nothing more than a falling out between the sheets. No big deal.

Ke Luo was nothing to me, only a bed companion. I didn't feel wounded myself.

At this age, I should have long been immune to "infatuation."

On a usual day of work, I actually didn't feel sleepy. At noon, I had intended to lie down for a while on the couch, but I couldn't sleep. The faint smell of leather made me somewhat nauseous. I turned over and gazed at the office ceiling. In a distorted position, I smoked a cigar. A vessel in the back of my head began to throb with pain again for a period of time. This was a signal of my body raising protest.

At night, I had to take some medicine as well in order to sleep. During this time, I stopped buying food to eat, not knowing if there were still leftovers in the drawers.

The phone suddenly rang. The cigar, which I was holding unsteadily, almost fell.

I looked at it as it rang for a good while, not answering. I thought about it and then turned off the sound. If I didn't, I'd feel my heart suffocate by merely listening.

After the other side hung up, I was still holding the cell phone with my eyes fixed on the screen. Ten minutes passed, and at long last, a received message notification popped up.

“I’m sorry.”

Ke Luo was apologizing to me. But apart from such words, he had no other words to say to me. An entire night plus an entire morning, I had been waiting for just this one line.

I sat up, leaned on the couch, and chose a posture to continue smoking my cigar.

I didn’t know whether I should reply. I had always been a clear-cut decisive person, yet now I hesitated.

If I forgive him and go look for him, then I would truly be cheap to a great extent. But if I completely ignore him, it would seem like...was I caring too much about him?

A real bed companion should only consider this as a small thing. He would chuckle, curse a few words, and then continue to have sex, seeking pleasure. We loved each other’s bodies anyway.

Only people who have had their hearts wounded would take troubles to heart, as if the heart was pierced by a thorn, incapable of relief.

And I didn’t acknowledge it. I wasn’t hurt. I was simply irritated that’s all. I never did care for Ke Luo.

How could such a little brat, whose heart is filled with thoughts of someone else, stir my heart?

I just liked his young body. Other than that, he has nothing.

Each day forward, Ke Luo didn't call over. And I was Hamlet for a number of days. There, for the sake of the question, "to reply or not to reply," I turned it over again and again. I smoked a lot, but from beginning to end, I never did press that button.

Advancing and retreating was surprisingly so difficult.

Dragged through it for more than a week, suddenly there was no news from Ke Luo. Every day, I stared at the cell phone in front of me. With not much to do, I felt empty all at once.

I smoked cigarettes while I cursed the motherfucker in my heart. And I thought, actually why bother? I was old enough to be his father. Why do I have to get upset over such a young kid?

When I was his age, it was unlikely that I was that much sensible and intelligent. I had done a lot of foolish things. Putting myself in his shoes, there wasn't really any reason for me to bear a grudge against Ke Luo.

I should have a bit of tolerance. I didn't mind going back and finding him to teach him to be nicer next time. We're only having fun anyway; sleeping around to kill time.

I made up my mind, so I dressed casually elegant, charming and graceful.
Then I went out to find Ke Luo.

It had only been two weeks since I'd been to Ke Luo's apartment, but I was rather timid as I stood outside the door. I didn't know where the nervousness came from. I coughed twice to clear my throat and fixed my hair. With a natural and unaffected attitude, I lifted my hand and rang the doorbell.

Yet, the door never opened before my eyes. The person inside seemed indifferent.

As I was in disbelief, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned my head and saw a plump white woman walking over. She was fishing out her key from her pocket as she greeted me with a smile. She was the landlord who lived just across from here. I'd seen her once or twice before. She had also given Ke Luo pies and puddings she had made herself.

"Excuse me, where's the boy who lives here? Has he gone out?"

She seemed surprised, "You don't know? Jack has already moved out."

I was momentarily somewhat confounded. After a short pause, I asked: "Do you know where he moved to?"

"He was an exchange student. He was supposed to stay until the end of the semester before returning to his country. This time, it seems like he went back before he notified his course withdrawal."

"Oh..." I paused. I wanted to ask a few more questions, but I was at a loss

for words. “Thank you.”

I ran my hand through my hair, went downstairs, and sat in the car. Before starting the car, I smoked two cigarettes.

Such a big thing and that kid didn’t say a word to me about it. Just sending a message to tell me is fine.

I knew he felt that it wasn’t necessary. Besides owing me an apology, nothing else is of my concern.

All the better. It’s simpler this way.

With the cigarette in my mouth, I cautiously drove on the road.

The night wind was strong, almost putting out my cigarette. I drove this kind of sports car exasperatingly slow, without the slightest bit of the casual indifference I had come with. In its place, I was like a foolish idiot.

This city’s night scene is, without a doubt, gorgeous but very boring. I couldn’t find a place to go. I circled around several times and smoked quite a few cigarettes. Then I drove on my own accord to a nightclub.

The club was lively as usual. On stage was the Go Go Boy Show. The atmosphere was extremely fervent, almost overturning the rooftop with the screaming. There were acquaintances greeting me, inviting me a drink, and shouting in my ear that today’s boys were great and to miss it would be pity.

Smiling, I took a seat. I looked up at those swaying blond boys with captivating eyes. Their hands were ready for bills, but in my eyes, what I saw wasn't them working up their teasing actions.

Ke Luo's nearly transparent skin, his dark eyes, fine black hair, the curve of the corner of his mouth as he smiles; when kissing, the kind of passion with focused devotion that deeply penetrated in. He can really act as a spoiled child, but can be somewhat hardened and ice-cold. He didn't even say a goodbye to me.

I held out my hand and placed it on my fairly hot forehead.

Ke Luo's phone number was finally deleted from my cell phone. It was already a disconnected number.

Those unreal sweet days I had once gone through had thus completely ended without a single trace, lasting for only the moment it took to blink. Yet it seemed to be a very distant thing. I was forgetful, so I didn't have any so-called lingering feelings.

For the few months after Ke Luo had left, my luck appeared to plummet all the way to the lowest point.

Forget about not making a comeback in affairs of the heart, I also lost repeatedly at casinos. I had run off to Las Vegas to gamble a few rounds. And each time, I quickly and cleanly lost, not a single win. I was so furious at losing the roulettes. In front of the slot machines, I pulled the lever for half the day. Not even once had I actually heard the clanking of coins.

To be able to decline like how I was now hadn't been easy. It was only for fun anyway. Wealth, this kind of stuff, if scattered, will come back. I didn't care.

I played to my heart's content for several days, took all the valuables on me and threw them away in Las Vegas. I lost to the extent that I'd nearly shed my mortal body and exchanged my bones. I bravely returned to LA, intending to pick myself up and properly work. But unknowingly, the complete loss from unrestrained gambling was only the beginning. Greater misfortune was waiting for me.

It was at a crucial point that I was fooled. I had gambled a large amount of hard-earned savings to support the politician who fell from power. In addition, several scandals broke out, snatching any hope of climbing back up.

The path I had painstakingly paved was gone. At this moment, I finally came to realize that no matter how much intelligence and skill I had, my true colors would be revealed as no more than a tiny lawyer, a small shrimp with an insignificant role. A minor playing card in someone's hand that, when shown, was the first to be shown and, in death, was the first to die.

This time, I lost so much that I couldn't compensate for the loss. These days became extremely difficult overnight. At such times, I had absolutely no need for sleep, because I simply couldn't sleep.

I usually had quite a few opponents and even more enemies. Now I was only [a drowning dog](#). The so-called friends by my side seemed to have, one by one, disappeared from the face of the earth.

I realized at such a time that [adding hail to snow](#) was frequent and that

there was [no coal being sent during the snow](#). I couldn't wag my tail and beg for pity, such a good for nothing action. I could only put on a bold face and request for help from the few people who could. At such a time, don't even talk about dignity.

Not knowing if God finally no longer wanted to sever me off, day after day as I was in torment, I received a call back at last. Once I heard the voice on the other end, I was so grateful that I was almost in tears.

“Lu Feng?” This was exactly like a strand of life-saving [straw](#) that had floated by in the vast, boundless ocean.

The man on that side laughed, “I’ve heard that you’ve seemed to have run into trouble.”

I also followed with a laugh. Although I had already suffered until I couldn't anymore, the guy wasn't a philanthropist. He was a businessman.

“If there's any inconvenience, I'll help you take care of it. But I happen to need an assistant who I can trust. Do you want to consider coming back?”

At that time when I hadn't yet wholeheartedly struggled in LA, I had been a subordinate for Lu Feng. I practically watched his career grow from a small shrimp to a big whale.

Later, I grew out my own wings and gradually made [a fresh start](#). I was intent on helping people in court, and then my connection with him naturally faded.

I now threw myself at his door once more. There was a taste of starting over again.

Several years of hard work had all gone up in smoke. Having to face this fact, I was somewhat in despair. But now, the me who had been stuck in the mud and was able to have someone pull me out, giving me a place to shake clean, was already pretty good.

Empty-handed, I returned to T city. It was better than gloomily pining away my days at this time with my tail between my legs in LA.

“Thank you.”

That evening, I began to set out, packing my things. In fact, what I planned to take wasn't much. I was running away in defeat, not taking a trip. I just picked what are important to take.

As I rummaged through the drawers, I found a photo from a brown paper bag. It was taken by Ke Luo. At that time, we were lying in bed naked. After making love, we'd kiss on and off. The brat suddenly fussed that he wanted to take pictures. I couldn't dissuade him, so there was still such a Polaroid.

In the photo, Ke Luo smiled brightly. The old man beside him had hair in disarray and a stiff face, wanting to look the camera, but not having the nerve to do it; looking very silly.

Somehow I looked at it as if in a trance. My leg fell asleep before I recalled myself. As I gave a sneering laugh, I crumpled this kind of insignificant thing and threw it to the side. After a while, I retrieved it back. I unfolded it and

crammed it into the bag.

Let it be. I didn't need to make a fuss over it. It's all in the past anyway. I would keep it as a memento in case I forget too quickly what he looked like.

Once I returned to China, someone picked me up. Lu Feng was very courteous by sending someone to help me settle in with ease. But he seemed to really be very busy, like being tied up by something. I rested for several consecutive days until I was summoned by his household. I went to the company to meet him.

Lu Feng was a considerably tall man, forty years old. Usually a man with such a successful career, heading toward fifty, should have somewhat of a beer belly, a slight balding because of excessive pressure, and bad habits here and there.

However, upon seeing him again, he still had a very good figure. Just like ten or so years ago, he looked handsome and stern, calm and collected. His facial features, with that faint arrogant pride, didn't change one bit.

I think it's probably because he's too coldblooded. He, himself, could be compared to a freezing cold storage room; so, no matter what, things could be kept fresh much longer than the average person.

"I'm tired."

Upon meeting, with an emotionless expression, he directed a line right in my face, causing my back to tremble in fear. I almost thought he was going to say "I'm tired. You all bury yourselves with me." This was his style.

“I’d like to hand over these affairs to somebody else to take care of.” He sat upright and took a sip of his tea thoughtfully. “I do have a candidate. My friend’s son is very capable, but he’s still a child and needs someone to guide him.”

I gave an “Oh.” Lu Feng would help someone raise a kid...I can smell rat. He’s most likely his own illegitimate son. As for how he was born, that’s a mystery.

“Then, do you think I can raise him better than you?”

He placed his cup down and laughed, “Of course not, but I don’t have the time.”

I immediately knew my place and refrained from asking further. To make Lu Feng not have the time, there was only one thing in the world that he can’t cope, and that’s him tormenting the man he has liked for decades.

I had met the man--tall, yet thin, a refined scholar appearance, a body that seemed frail, no temper, always smiling. Lu Feng could put him to death with one smack. On the contrary, he couldn’t do anything to him.

That man, by the looks of it, won’t get difficult with someone. I can only think that Lu Feng definitely did something ruthless, forcing him to a corner and making it beyond redemption.

Nobody spoke again. Two men sat face to face, drinking tea; each preoccupied with their own thoughts.

“I’ve really done wrong.”

Hearing him say so, I sighed in gloom and looked up at him.

In fact, when we weren’t talking about business, we could be regarded as friends. I understood him and occasionally listened to him subtly say what’s on his mind. Even if he was such a proud man, he needed to pour his heart out as well.

“Can’t you make up for it?”

He shook his head, “Do you think there is anything that can make up for it? What’s done is done. What’s dead is dead. What amends? It’s all bullshit. I just want to wait until Xiao Chen no longer blames me.”

He chuckled, “Forget it. I know he’s always hated me. Lee, I now believe there is retribution.”

I listened to him speak with bitter pain, though that face still had no expression. I truly had to admire his skill of maintaining an emotionless face.

The low pressure in the room was unable to provide relief. I reached toward the box on the table and took out a cigar, “Want a smoke?”

Lu Feng sipped his tea again, “I’ve quit. If you want to smoke, go outside.”

“Quit?” I caught my breath. I felt as if I was seeing a lion eat turnips.

“I can’t expose Xiao Chen to second-hand smoke. I still want to live a few more years.” His face suddenly eased into a gentle expression, making my heart jump. “I want to live with Xiao Chen a little longer.”

I wanted to heartlessly mock him back a round, but when the words rose to my lips, I swung around and my words softened: “He’s simply the apple of your eye.”

He actually accused me: “Ugh, you’re so nauseatingly mushy.”

“What?” Being falsely accused, I almost jumped up, “Look in the mirror yourself and you’ll know what nauseatingly mushy is!”

After teasing each other for a while, we calmed down. Lu Feng seemed to be thinking of something and slightly smiled. He pressed his hand to his chest and said in a low voice: “He’s my heart.”

I knew that he was just talking to himself, not saying it for me to hear. I still couldn’t help but soften my heart at his expression.

I didn’t want to compliment him. He was obstinate. Apart from that nice man called Cheng Yi Chen, no matter how much other people give their hearts to him, they would only be trampled on like mud.

But I was somewhat envious. To be able to become the protagonist of each other’s life, not everyone has that opportunity.

Some people...will play second fiddle to fate for life.

I sat back down and drank my tea for a moment. I heard a light knock on the door. The afternoon meeting was about to start, and it was time for me to meet the person I would take care of as a full-time nanny in the future.

“Come in.”

The door carefully opened. Several people came in, one by one, taking care to bow their greetings, “Mr. Lu.”

Only one voice was distinct: “Uncle Lu.”

The speaker was very young and particularly handsome. As a fresh, youthful face in the crowd, he appeared eye-catching with an exceptionally beautiful brightness.

I had only seen him wear a sports jacket, but for some reason, he was actually so dashing wearing a suit.

I had been worried that my memory would be so poor and I’d forget what he looked like, but now I realized that was not so.

“Everyone, be seated.” Lu Feng nodded. Once he sat up straight, that feeling of intimidation was even more intense. No one dared to have the slightest movement, slightly bowing their head and trembling with fear. The young boy didn’t seem to feel the pressure as he quietly sat with a natural expression. He is Lu Feng’s son after all.

“Lee, let me introduce you.”

I took a sip of the tea and swallowed. This was what one calls lurking out from the shadow and exposing oneself.

“This is Ke Luo.”

I stared at the large-eyed boy and smiled. Even though we were two people who had nothing to do with each other anymore, it had been so long since I’d seen him. No matter what the means were when we faced each other, my heart began to thump for some reason.

“Xiao Luo isn’t very smart, but he’s very sensible. Lee, you should teach him some.” Someone who becomes a father, no matter how emotionless his face is, when speaking about his own outstanding son, his voice would soften a little, “Xiao Luo, come here. This is my underclassman back in the days and also your senior. Hurry and address Uncle Lee.”

I smiled again. Yet the boy stared at me strongly with an expression exactly like his old man when he was younger. I hadn’t even noticed it before.

Ke Luo had never asked for my age, and I certainly wouldn’t let him see my driver’s license and ID. I had vaguely told him I wasn’t yet thirty and he was actually convinced.

Being exposed was so embarrassing. If I lacked just a bit of willpower, I believe I’d blush.

The endless conversation passed. Ke Luo was sitting diagonally opposite of me. I wanted to look at him, but I was worried about whether or not he was looking at me, so I kept an unnatural posture with my head tilted as I sat stiffly. I gradually felt my waist sore and my back ache.

Fortunately, Lu Feng's men didn't talk nonsense; each and every one, short, and to the point. Before long the regular meeting ended. Lu Feng waved his pardon and took care of us: "We'll stop here, Xiao Luo. Accompany your Uncle Lee out. Send him home."

I can finally openly look at Ke Luo. I saw him flip the notes before him with single-hearted devotion. He didn't raise his head until he heard what was said. He then said, "mm-hmm."

Ha, the face that had always liked to stare at me was in a daze. The little brat who would stare for ten or so minutes had already disappeared.

I packed my things and walked out with him at a relaxed pace. There were two more days until my car would arrive, but if Lu Feng planned for Ke Luo to replace the driver, elder Yang, to pick and drop me off, I'd rather the new car never arrive at all.

I got in the car and Ke Luo still didn't say a word. He was quiet for a while until he turned to look at me, "I never would've thought you'd be Uncle Lu's friend."

I spread my hands out and, with a natural and unaffected gesture, took out a cigarette, "I was just kidding before about the matter with my age. You didn't take it seriously now."

He was *very* serious, “That’s okay. I’ve also deceived you.”

I heavily smoked two mouthfuls, put down the cigarette, and looked up at him.

“While in Los Angeles, I shouldn’t have treated you like that. In fact, the one I like is another person.”

I said, “Oh,” and smiled, not saying anything.

“But he already has a lover. I pester him day and night, troubling them, so he told me I should properly find someone to love. Since I didn’t want to worry him, I went to try.”

“Oh.” I put out the old cigarette. I bowed down again, lighting a new one, as I held it in my mouth.

Some people are more revolting when they’re honest than as liars.

“But I realized that I still couldn’t do it. I understood once I saw him again. I can only like him.”

I smiled with the cigarette in my mouth. I really wanted to lecture this little brat, who [didn't know the immensity of heaven and earth](#) and was actually taking a knife to me. A smack in the face or perhaps a punch would be good.

But that serious expression on his face makes people unable to do it. I didn’t want my own face to display a furious expression.

We had broken up anyway. Why should I lose my old face and [my rice bowl](#)?

“It’s too early to say that. You’re still so young.” I quickly smoked more than half the cigarette and used a senior’s tone, “The road ahead is still long. Maybe someday you’ll meet the right person.”

He immediately shook his head without the slightest hesitation, “I can’t forget him. He’s the person I love the most in my life.”

I laughed and stubbed out the cigarette. I couldn’t help but reach out to touch my neck. The blood vessels there were pounding, giving me a headache.

“With your affair, I truly am very sorry.” He lifted his eyes, “If you don’t want to see me, you can say it. I’ll go explain it clearly to Uncle Lu.”

I swallowed, “No need. Just forget about the matter. Your Uncle Lee isn’t so stingy. Everyone is just playing anyway. Why take it as real?”

If I really let Lu Feng know I had fooled around with his son in bed, I can just find a rope to tie around my neck. I still wanted to live. Furthermore, I was, in fact, still happy to see him again.

I turned my head a little bit to see his face. He was probably thinking of that man Shu Nian whom he loved so much, therefore his eyebrows creased with his lips faintly pouting. This kind of look contained a very child-like innocence that I liked so very, very much in the past.

But now I just felt slightly tired.

Once I settled down, I decided to seek a new object for pleasure.

This was nothing strange. If I didn't even have that sort of need, then that would've been shocking.

This was the benefit of being single. Encountering an object with an eye-pleasing figure, and a sizzling one-night stand will come around. No need to look ahead and back. The other person's background, interests, temperament are of no importance. It's sufficient as long as I have an erection.

I intended to live for a time of doing as I please.

I was different from Ke Luo. Ke Luo was stubborn. His mind was full of only this guy called Shu Nian who could look round or flat for all I know. Every day he'd persistently make a phone call. Once he had the time, he'd send a text. And occasionally, he'd receive a response as if a precious jewel had fallen into his hands.

I merely smiled as I smoked and watched him hold that look of being trapped in the snare of love and unable to free himself. I felt a bit bored.

Translator comments: lol. I love Lee and Lu Feng's interaction in this. Well, anyway, thank you again for all the comments in my previous post! 8D I especially love reading people's thoughts about the story so far. We've gotten to the part where the audio drama started from. I've corrected my translation for the audio drama (part one and the extra), so do download it again for the

revisions~

Chapter 3

Chapter 5

Love Late vol.1 - ch5

Proofread by : yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning**

Just in case those who read my audio drama translations didn't notice, I moved my audio drama translations to -> [here](#). I'll be posting new translations there soon. Now~ on to chapter five of Love Late!

Chapter Five

Over the weekend, I panted heavily as I did yoga in my apartment. I was now facing a mid-life crisis. My physical strength can't be compared with when I had yet to reach thirty. The physical condition is like a parabola. Every year you feel it slide down.

Back then, I'd never get drunk after a thousand drinks. And now I could barely stand after a few hours of drinking, much less in bed. Add in foreplay

and it would be over in roughly ten or so minutes.

Merely going to the gym wasn't enough. I'd desperately take vitamins and drink soup as supplements and I'd feel a surplus of calories. I was afraid of fat accumulating, becoming a spider person with slender arms, slender legs, and a big belly.

It's said that yoga can make the muscles nice and fit, building up physical strength, and can prevent heart disease and depression. It's like that in the treasury of knowledge, so of course, I had to do it.

Unfortunately, such a big man as I had muscles and bones all stiff as a board. I felt like I was climbing a great mountain as I stretched. While I stretched midway, I froze right there, almost getting a cramp.

When I heard the door open, I was doing a camel form—kneeling, hands grabbing the ankles, body arched, and butt forward. I frantically struggled to straighten up.

“Eh?” The visitor seemed to be taken aback, “What are you doing?”

It was Ke Luo. He had the key to this place. Lu Feng intended for me to raise him as my adopted son --a close relationship without ill will. So for the most part of a day, I'd have to face him.

“Oh...” I was intruded upon. What's more, I couldn't muster any strength. I was entirely in a mess of a position. My arms and legs flailed for a long while until I managed to free myself, scrambling to my feet, “I'm, uh, cleaning the floor.”

Ke Luo broadened out into a grin, displaying his white, even teeth. He even wore a sports jacket. His hair was a little wet with sweat on his forehead, and he held a bag. By the looks of it, he went to play ball again. It's good for young people to love sports. Their shoulder lines are more beautiful.

“Oh, yeah, this is for you.”

“What?” I took out and opened a box that wafted with the smell of meat. Inside was a golden roasted leg of lamb.

“I think you'll like it.”

“Oh...”

“The mutton at this place is made extremely well. A lot of people buy it. However, people who don't have ab muscles won't be able to snatch any~”

This made it appear as if we now had a seemingly pretty good relationship. Ke Luo was very friendly to me and would often bring me a little something. He'd even help me sweep the room, sort the shelf, and whatnot.

Who knew whether it was because of his nature that he'd often treat people around him well, or that I was his senior, or that he felt guilty toward me? However, it didn't matter to me what the specific reason was for being considerate of me. At least the consideration was real, and I had no reason to rebuke his good intentions.

“Are you ready for this evening’s cocktail reception? Uncle Lu told me to come pick you up.”

These days, Ke Luo was still driving me to and from. Two days ago, my new car was lent to a boy from film school that I had a one night stand with. As a result, the kid was too flashy. Once he took it out for a drive, he crashed. Then, it was sent to the shop for the moment.

“I don’t think I’m going.”

“Ah? Why?”

“Um...my stomach is uncomfortable all of a sudden...”

The truth is, the architect I had slept with last night was on the guest list. That one time with him was, in fact, boring. It had been worse than using my own hands to resolve it. While I was working hard at it, I could hear the next apartment’s door open and close. I was even able to take the time to ponder which restaurant to go for vegetarian food tomorrow.

With such a bad experience, it would be awkward for the both of us if we were to meet again.

Ke Luo was about to speak of my slackness, but hesitated. At last, he politely said: “Is that so. Then rest well.”

To me, what resting refers to naturally isn't just one person lying on the bed. There needs to be at least two people.

In the evening, I went to a nearby bar, well dressed. In fact, the drinks at this place were expensive and bad, but the waiters were very handsome. I had noticed it when I came here last week.

This time, I noticed that it wasn't only me who had such thoughts. Since the drinks were so awful, the bar was naturally full of those sitting with ulterior motives, wanting to catch a pretty boy. A fierce battle was inevitable.

Even as I sat, drinking for three hours, I was still unable to settle the matter with the man that had eyed the same handsome waiter as me. My stomach was already filled to the brim with garbage, and I really was a tiny bit unwell. Looking at my opponent drinking until his face had a touch of red then a touch of green, wanting to vomit, but not, and actually persistent as hell, I knew I couldn't win.

One has to stop before going too far. I intended to pay the bill and leave. I had always been very clear-headed. No matter how pretty the boy was, it wasn't a fight worth throwing my life for.

Unfortunately, when I was feeling for my wallet, I realized that I wasn't clear-headed enough. I had actually forgotten such an important thing at the apartment along with the apartment key.

Calling Ke Luo to come to the rescue was, of course, the worst move to make; but when you have no other choice, there isn't a good move. I had to bite the bullet and make the call.

Sure enough, when Ke Luo arrived, his face wasn't pretty. He was angry at me for lying. Luckily, I can take advantage of my old age. I had the nerve to talk nonsense: "Alcohol can warm the stomach, so I came to drink a little."

“Still warming the *stomach*.” He uttered a humph, paid the bill, and then grabbed me. “We’re going back. Be careful of your footing.”

I watched him walking in front of me. This was killing me. I liked looking at his shirt-wrapped waist. The young man was pliable and tough with strong contours. His appearance was inherited from his father’s gene: body proportion excellent, legs long and straight, and capable of stirring someone’s heart without any frills. It’s a pity he’s not mine.

Getting in the car, I had to sit in the passenger’s seat at any rate. I refused to lie flat in the back. Ke Luo was helpless against an elder like me. And after watching me unable to fasten my seat belt for a long while, he leaned over to help me fasten it properly.

His hair brushed over my mouth. I could even smell that kind of soothing scent from his body. For some reason, I laughed.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing really. I was thinking that the waiter’s ass was really sexy. Didn't you notice?”

Unable to tolerate me, an elder who didn't respect others, he looked me in the eye.

“I think it’s better if you pay more attention.” He politely considered his wording. “Today several people were looking for you at the cocktail reception. Could it be that, even to the newly recruited accountants, you've- If the

relationship gets too complicated, it wouldn't be convenient then.”

“It’s not that complicated,” I strongly waved my hand. “A relationship between two men is the most simple. There’s only one thing to take note of, and that is to...” I was a bit tipsy. Chuckling, I leaned closer to his ear and whispered, “... remember to use condoms.”

Ke Luo suddenly furrowed his eyebrows and looked at me in disapproval. Happy and giggly, for some reason I kept leaning his way. In fact, I really wanted to kiss him. All those pretty, handsome men added together actually couldn't even compete with him alone.

Helpless against my harassment and unable to really push me out the car, Ke Luo could only implicitly say: “I’m driving.”

“Oh?” I exposed a lecherous old uncle’s smile. “Then later when you’re not driving, it’s fine?”

He slightly furrowed his eyebrows and glanced sideways at me.

I laughed out loud, amused with myself. Of course not.

But I was no gentleman and I didn't care about the moral sense of shame. As soon as we’re upstairs and Ke Luo digs out the key to opening the door, I’ll simply act drunk and press my entire body against him.

“Mo Yan, you drank too much.” He half carried and half dragged me to the bedside. “First get a good sleep then.”

Since I had drunk too much, if I did do something a bit out of line, then he wouldn't protest too much over it, right?

I decided on that spot to use alcohol as a means to assault him. I seized the opportunity to hold him and ruthlessly pressed him down onto the bed.

He immediately reacted. His hands used force, but it was used to push away my action.

Shit! We still obviously had a passionate relationship before. There wasn't a need for me to reach over with a brazen face, and he'd take the initiative to lay his lips on me himself. In the sheets, he'd playfully kiss here and there, and after an entire morning, he wouldn't feel bored of it yet. Now this kid was turning to one side, pretending not to know me, like me touching him was an offense to him, as if nothing had happened between us in the past.

In a flash, my heart grew a bit cold, but it quickly became nothing.

Who cares what he's thinking. Just take me as a perverted no good, old uncle. I only wanted the body anyway. I didn't care about his attitude. I had no other interest. I just refused to sustain a loss with nothing gained back. That was all.

This kid had better wise up. Be good and let me top you once, then we'll call it quits. I won't care for him afterwards.

We tossed about in bed for more than ten minutes. The both of us panting heavily. Even if I can't eat him, Ke Luo won't be able to break free.

It wasn't my physical strength that gave me the upper hand, but my brazenness. In other words, I'm his senior. He won't take a bedside lamp and knock me out. What's the use of struggling in such a reserved manner?

I had confidence in the effectiveness of wearing him down. Wait until my persistence consumes all his strength, then I can start my move, enjoying fine food regardless of life and death.

So what if I'm taking advantage of my old age? Huh!

I tightly pinned down Ke Luo's hands. I seemed to be a bit tired. My shoulder slackened. Panting, my face flushed slightly. I took a deep breath and leaned in to kiss. He dodged a bit too slow and was only able to press his lips together.

It felt as if it had been a long time since I had kissed someone. Not knowing why, my hands trembled a little and my heart pounded. Ke Luo just tightly kept his mouth shut in silence. I patiently licked him. My hand reached up and repeatedly stroked his head, using my fingers to fondle the side of his ear. I knew he liked this. Well, he at least liked it at one time.

While I was working to please him with caresses and trying to pry open his mouth, I, in fact, really wanted to kiss him. I missed the feel of intertwining tongues. He always had such fresh, warm taste in his mouth. Unfortunately, Ke Luo didn't respond. His mouth shut closed like a clam.

I tossed about for a long time, just like kissing a stone. I was a bit tired and straightened up, smiling.

Ke Luo sighed with relief. He propped his elbow on the bed to sit up.

I let out a chuckle, then took hold of him and pressed him back down. While he was still in shock, I quickly unbuckled his belt with agility and tore off his pants. Don't have a reaction? Then don't have one. It doesn't matter that you won't let me kiss. If you think I'll let it go like that, then you're gravely mistaken.

I yanked down his underwear and buried my head between his legs. I felt his body snapped up looking greatly startled.

He probably never expected I'd go straight to the central point. Upon seeing that I had a "don't nicely obey, and I'll bite you to death" attitude once more, he suddenly didn't dare to move about again.

Although it was intimate, kissing and this were two completely different things. In all honesty, I didn't have much confidence in kissing. A person's lips feel to be too complicated. And this is too overly simple. A man's lower half is almost all the same. The reaction is almost the same. Even if a dog licks him, he'll get hard.

I skillfully approached him, lightly touched him with my lips, and then latched on. Sure enough, once my tongue started to move, Ke Luo trembled a bit. I looked up at him. His face was thoroughly flushed.

I smiled. If you're just talking about sex, it's very easy. Moreover, I knew myself and my opponents. I was experienced and had read countless people. That Shu Nian definitely wasn't my opponent.

Ke Luo no longer struggled. Generally under the circumstance, when a man's weak point was served between someone's teeth, he dared not struggle. Nicely

lie down without a fight, little brat.

The muscle of his inner thighs tightened. He was clearly very tense. I teased him with my mouth and tongue. My hands slowly explored backwards. As his hot blood boiled, he relaxed, feeling a sense of relief. After I succeed, I won't think of him anymore.

I left Ke Luo hanging there and wanting to come but unable to. I straightened up and vaguely gazed at his face that was flushed with shame.

This time, when I drew near him and kissed him, he didn't resist. His lips were trembling and even responding. I kissed him more firmly, wanting to wedge in between his legs.

We went on heavily kissing. Both cocks pressed against each other at a continuous, rising state. The friction made my entire body fire up. I could barely hold it in and hated that I didn't swallow two pills beforehand.

We both really were very suitable for each other in bed, but something seemed to be a bit wrong...

As I explored his hips, a pair of hands reached behind me. Initially, it was simply rubbing and fondling, then a finger squeezed in by itself.

Fuck! In your dreams! Did I force myself on you just so you could top me?

I rushed to be the first to part his legs. First I'll pinpoint the region to enter in any case, and then we'll talk. There's no turning back the clock once it's done. And he wasn't that much of a struggle.

Suddenly, there was a weight on my shoulders. And before I could react, my center of gravity was unsteadily flipped over out of the blue.

We both started to fight hand to hand yet again. My persistence a moment ago had consumed a great amount of my strength, and now I couldn't flip back over for the life of me.

Seeing that the situation was far from good, a wise man doesn't fight when the odds are against him. Refusing to consider my body's hot fervor, I hurriedly called a halt: "Hey, hey, hey, stop here. I was just kidding!"

Ke Luo was lying on top, heavily breathing. He looked down at my face from above. Not knowing whether his blazing lower half muddled his mind, his eyes were actually quite gentle.

I believed his gaze must have passed through me again. He had wandered into his own delusion of that beloved of his. The veins at the back of my head immediately throbbed. I wanted to make a move and give him some bruises to look at. But after struggling for a little while, I realized that I was actually unrelentingly restrained.

"Hey, hold on a moment!"

He leaned over and firmly kissed my lips, then my chin, and my neck. My hair stood on its end. Refusing to think about it, I cried out: "I'm telling you, nicely let me top you once and then we'll call it quits. I won't bother you anymore or otherwise..."

Ke Luo's lust had probably truly been stirred up. He turned a deaf ear and heavily kissed me from top down. He was no longer the river clam from the very beginning. So much passion was of course all good, but couldn't we switch positions?

Holding my face all red, I couldn't shake off Ke Luo one bit. My head was saturated in sweat. You brute! I didn't know whether or not his old man's beast blood was at work; but as soon as the kid was aroused, he would suddenly burst out with uncanny strength.

Feeling something very hard and burning pressed against my rear, my blood froze. I couldn't help shouting and screaming: "If you dare, then give it a try! Dare top me again and I'll never let it drop! Fuck you!"

I swore loudly as he parted my legs and slowly drove in. Painful and tingly, the sensation of being filled made the hair on my body stand up.

After Ke Luo fully penetrated in, he paused, lightly gasping for breath. I clearly felt the throbbing of his erection and shivered uncontrollably. For some reason, my front end, which had withered from the pain, swelled up.

The weak and numb feel of friction spread. Ke Luo was already pumping in and out little by little. Greatly stimulated and unable to hold back any longer, I started to cry out: "Don't you move around. If you move again, I guarantee that you'll regret it, ah, fuck—"

Ke Luo simply wrapped around my waist and buried his face in the nest of my neck as his lower body delivered the thrusts. I could hear the sticky wet sound of the intercourse. I was practically fuming with rage, but my dry throat could only let out gasps. I really couldn't curse out.

His face stuck to the side of my ear. I could clearly hear his panting. That scalding hot, moist breath gradually heated up the region where I was driven into. Amidst the intense rhythm, my head became quite hazy, only leaving a fiery sensation in the collision of intertwining limbs.

Not knowing whose technique had advanced, it didn't feel as rough and uncomfortable as before. With Ke Luo moving fiercely, the bed gave off a slight sound. I heard the sound emitting unspeakable lewdness.

In fact, I couldn't bear the movement of deep penetration between my butt cheeks over and over. I also heard my own harsh breathing and irrepressible moaning. The intense thrill of my body's conformity was somewhat frightful.

The rhythm persisted for a period of time. Even the pain, which had me gnashing my teeth, disappeared. I was in chaos as I was pressed down and tossed about; unable to fathom that, under such an uncomfortable situation, my lower part could harden with heat.

I could think of no other reason than that I probably hadn't done it in a long time. And, as a result, I was easily excited. He gnawed at my neck, and I shivered, almost unable to bear it any longer.

The area where I was penetrated became more and more dripping wet. Ke Luo increased substantially and his breathing became heavier. I was already catering to him for the sake of pleasure and release. Both of us intensely moved our hips, causing the sheets to scatter into a complete mess.

Indeed it was great sex for both sides of the party, despite having nothing to do with each other.

A man's lower body really has no principle to be said.

Again, Ke Luo began to go along my neck, my chin, deeply, heavily kissing upwards. Lips, nose, and after that, he pulled back a bit. He increased his driving force and looked down at my face.

I also looked at him. He moved his lips with overly gentle eyes. I hastened to firmly block his lips before he could open his mouth and utter a sound. I was taking preventive measures.

Once he got stirred up, he would call that Shu Nian name again as a habit, and then, my long-awaited climax would be ruined for the day.

I didn't want to be incapable of getting it up from henceforth because of such a brat yet.

When I woke up in the morning, my entire body had the feel of being stripped of strength from the over-excessive sex. I still felt a bit like I was half-dreaming. I gnawed at my lip, kicked off the very heavy quilt, and drowsily closed my eyes.

The bed situation last night was quite nice, casting aside that I had tried to steal a chicken only to end up losing the rice, and not to mention the reality that I was topped.

Tossed and turned repeatedly for most of the night and involuntarily switched to a number of positions, I was almost rolled off the bed with the sheets thoroughly ruined.

You can only be so relaxed if there are no feelings between the two people.

If ever love is created, then such an intense night would also, in any case, create a bit of some by-product like “love.”

I heard a movement and peeked out with one eye.

Ke Luo had walked in. Seeing that I had kicked off the quilt and was bare-naked all across there, his face blushed and he immediately looked away.

I chuckled. For him be able to make love, *that* was strange!

“Are you awake?”

“Mm-hmm.” I mumbled and calmly opened my eyes. I saw him place some clothes beside me.

“Uh, first take a shower, and then come have breakfast.”

Damn, when it came to touching, he’s touched, and doing it, he’s done it, so what was he blushing for?

I staggered into the bathroom. I swore as I washed clean. I recalled of the times I had helped young boys wash after spending the night when my mood was good, since a great part of their body was aching and inconveniently weak. I felt that Ke Luo was a good-for-nothing.

Sitting at the dining table, in my vision, there were only two bowls of white congee, a dish of roasted dried cod, a plate of poached eggs, and a certain amount of spicy Chinese cabbage. These past few days, I'd been eating out. I was afraid that my fridge had grown bacteria since I hadn't restocked anything for it—only eggs and a few canned food. It was really pitiable.

I had tossed about for one whole night and came so many times. Now, I was almost entirely numb from my waist downward. With mental fatigue and slacken eyes, I listlessly sipped the congee and ate the pickled cabbage in front of me.

“I fried some eggs. There's one that's double-yolked.”

“Oh...”

Fiercely ambitious when raping someone. It always ended like this. I felt that it wouldn't naturally go anywhere good. I had no strength and was in no mood to talk. I just recalled that I had even let out cruel words at the time, saying something like I guarantee you'll regret later.

I didn't know what ability I had to make this heartless little brat regret.

“Eat this.” Ke Luo gave a piece of roast dried cod to me and placed that double-yolked poached egg on the small dish in front of me.

I smiled. His compensation really is childish. In fact, I didn't need it at all.

“I’ll add another serving of congee.” Ke Luo stood up again and took my bowl, naturally helping me to a bowl of congee. It was windy this morning, and the air was fresh and clean. The curtains behind him slightly fluttered, setting off his gentle, young face.

Two people like this—eating a simple breakfast together face to face after waking up; him filling up a bowl of congee for me, me sitting and waiting.

For a split second, I had a slight misconception. I came back to myself and shook my head, smiling.

For the sake of watching him stand up and fill a bowl with congee, I had a total of four bowls.

Translator comments: Adfghk~ when they're together like this >///u//< --how Ke Luo gets swept by lust at night, but is shy the next day...how Lee can't stay mad at Ke Luo for long and let's himself be spoiled by Ke Luo. They fit each other so well~<3 I hope there are more cute moments in the next chapter!

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Love Late vol.1 - ch6

Proofread by: yana14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning (not that graphic though)** Here's chapter six! I love their adorably awkward moments...a-and poor Lee with his up's and down's~

Chapter Six

After eating, Ke Luo took the initiative to gather the dishes. He went into the kitchen to wash. He was actually a rather hardworking boy.

The water sloshed, sounding very lively. Even as I hobbled, I still wanted to follow on over. I leaned against the door, displaying a rather natural and unrestrained pose.

“How was last night?”

“Hm?” Ke Luo slightly tilted his head. The facial lines of his right profile were truly good-looking.

“Did you feel good last night?” I asked him point blank.

His face immediately flushed. Slanting his eyes, he stared at me. That expression made me breathless. Why can't I top such creature?

“What's the matter? Perhaps you didn't feel good at all?”

“...no.” Ke Luo slightly pouted and continued to wash his bowl.

“Hah, you didn't feel good even though you did it so many times?” Damn you.

Once again, Ke Luo's face turned deep red. He wiped the plates in silence.

I suffered upon seeing his uncomfortable appearance. If I don't make a comeback, that would be way too much of a loss for me.

“Let me tell you, if a man is too stubborn, sooner or later he'll be driven to death.”

Ke Luo didn't even give me a glance. “It's none of your business.”

“How can it be none of my business?” I refused to leave the matter at that.

“Did you forget what our relationship is?”

“What relationship could I have had with you?”

Not even an hour had passed since getting up from bed and this brat's memory was already so bad.

Like a villain suing his victim before he himself was prosecuted, I said, “If you stay hard-mouthed, I'll tell your Uncle Lu that you actually forced me, doing this and that.”

Ke Luo dried his dripping hands and became serious with me. “It was you who had first attacked me.”

I folded my arms across my chest. “The way you were like afterwards doesn't count as self-defense, right?”

“Wasn't that because you really wanted to do it with me?”

My face immediately heated up a little. “Hah, you dare say that you don't have the slightest interest in me?”

“I never did.”

I laughed. The cause may have been from catching a cold, so my nose was a

bit stuffy.

“No need for interest. Having *sexual*...interest will do.” I particularly stressed the word ‘sexual.’ “You still haven’t tried a taste of what being on the bottom is like. Let me take you once. I promise I’ll make you-”

My self-promotion was presented midway when I suddenly couldn’t suppress the itch in my nose, and I let out a tremendous sneeze directed at his face.

Ke Luo was taken aback. Before he could speak, I sneezed with an alarming force a second time. After that, it was impossible to stop. One after another, I sneezed until I almost passed out.

It seemed that I caught a cold in one evening. It was easy to catch a cold in this kind of weather. I thought I drilled my body to be much stronger. Who knew I’d hit the jackpot this fast?

Completely lacking immunity, I sneezed more than a dozen times in a row. A strand of clear liquid dripped down from my nose. It was too late to sniff it back up. I was stricken with raging humiliation on the spot.

Ke Luo chuckled as he brought over the dish cloth and wiped my nose clean. He folded the cloth and pinched my nose. “Here, blow your nose.”

Like a kindergarten kid blowing his nose at the hands of someone, I felt crestfallen.

Ke Luo withdrew his hand and washed the dish cloth, silent for a while. He suddenly spoke up, “Mo Yan.”

Being called as so, my entire body felt uncomfortable. “Change the way you address me.”

“Uncle Lee.”

“...”

“Uncle Lee, you’re a very good man. You’re intelligent, charismatic...”

“Stop.” I knew where he was going for next. I detest the ‘you’re great, but I can’t accept you’ consolation prize.

“Why are you telling me these things? You’ve mistaken about something. I

don't have affection for you. I never had any. We are in a—what's it called—a purely physical relationship.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“That's right. I'm very crazy for you, but that's just a sexual interest. I don't intend to pursue you.”

“Mm-hm, then I'll leave now.”

I was unexpectedly somewhat dissatisfied. “Wait a minute. That being said, don't you want to think it over? You don't need sex?”

Ke Luo furrowed his eyebrows and glanced at me. “I'm not promiscuous.”

Resentful, I said, “Fine. Go then, good little kid. Do you want me to establish a chastity memorial arch for you?”

Ke Luo opened the entrance door, and I shouted behind him, “Young man, while you have the assets, play well. Don't be too stubborn.”

Ke Luo stood at the doorway, slightly sideways.

“That beloved of yours is already blissfully happy. If you want to be regarded as a man, then simply break them up. Otherwise, bear it and find a new love.

Right now, being awkward and difficult like this, are you planning to be a widow?”

Pressing his lips together, Ke Luo turned around and walked out.

I leaned against the door, beating my aching back as I felt that I had said it all too well. He wasn't the only beautiful man in the sea. What am I doing looking for blame to receive? Did I want to be crushed in-between?

Although Ke Luo couldn't be pursued, the world still had so many tender, pretty boys waiting for me to enjoy. Life was still so glorious.

I soon took notice of a young man who newly arrived in the finance department. He had just graduated from college. Red lips, white teeth, a delicate build, and a curved ass.

I had bought two cans of coffee for him and took the opportunity to strike up

a conversation with him over a few words. Seeing him shy, I felt that it looked promising, so I outright included him in my growing list.

When he delivered documents to my office, I chatted with him here and there as I scribbled on the delivery confirmation form.

After receiving the form back, the young man carefully checked it and nervously said, “Mr. Lee, just a signature is fine. No need for you to even write down your phone number.”

Ke Luo gave me a look. I coughed. Encountering such a pure child, I didn’t know whether or not I still wanted to carry on.

Upon returning to my seat, Ke Luo even turned his head and stared at me with a hint of rebuke. I dryly laughed and, as if nothing had happened, turned on the computer screen to continue working.

In fact, Ke Luo stayed in my office regularly. That was Lu Feng’s intention, saying that he wanted him to learn things from me. It was probably from regularly facing him--the habit of it--that when I hadn’t seen him for one day, my entire body became uncomfortable.

I randomly clicked my mouse around as I looked at the big boy in front of me: a slender neck, wide shoulders, but still growing. A figure not yet complete.

I thought of the feel when I had embraced his shoulders, and my hands somewhat softened.

I pretended to play with my cell phone in order to secretly take quite a few photos of Ke Luo, mainly of his profile and back. They were stored on the computer as well as processed out and bound into an album, which was placed in the drawers. When I couldn’t do any work, I’d take it out to have a look.

I didn’t have any other intentions. This was just like the nature of someone looking at nude magazines, an empty sense of satisfaction.

It was only lust, just desire.

I worked until my head was spinning and my eyes blurred. Then I went out for a walk and bought a can of hot coffee, warmly putting it in my pocket. As soon as I entered the door, I saw Ke Luo standing behind my desk with

something in his hand.

Startled underneath, my face remained calm and collected. “What are you doing?”

“Just now, someone came for some data. You weren’t here, so I looked for it in advance.”

“Oh...”

Ke Luo raised his hand. Pinched between his fingers was the darling photo album. “But what’s this?” I strived to remain calm. My face not flushing at all.

“I don’t know either. I picked it up in the company and chucked it away. It was probably some girl who did it.”

“Is it?” He looked through it. “It’s really detailed.”

“What’s the matter? You want to sue someone?”

“No need.” He smiled. “However, I’m taking this.”

I watched helplessly at a loss for words as he placed the photo album into his bag.

It was nothing more than a few photos, *not* the actual person himself. Even if they were seen and touched, so what? No need to be bothered about it.

It was no common amount of stinginess he had toward me. Losing more than half of my collection *and* losing face, my interest waned. I couldn’t rise up any interest in taking photos of that man again. I saw him everyday anyway and could watch my fill.

After work, I found a restaurant and ate a fairly healthy and rich dinner. Building enough energy and dressed up from head to toe, I made myself look radiant.

I dawdled until the time was nearly up, then went to a bar and took a seat. I refused to believe that I couldn’t catch a pretty young boy at present.

I didn’t know if it was because of the saying that ‘after extreme bad luck, comes good luck,’ but tonight my luck was particularly good. I quickly found a gorgeous partner by chance.

He was a fairly pretty child, no older than twenty, the corner of his eyes and the tip of his brows had a very amorous feel, and he was sensible. I treated him to a few drinks, and, in a clear-cut manner, he reached out and half-jokingly pulled my tie. The intention was obvious.

We went to a nearby hotel and checked into a room. Right when I shut the door, he actively wrapped around me. There weren't that many beauties that were this attentive and experienced, and I, of course, wouldn't recklessly waste God's gifts.

During this time, he fawningly catered to me with seasoned techniques. He also kept letting out a delicately-low moan, making my bones weak and numb. I enjoyed a pretty good evening. Furthermore, I'd gained more confidence out of thin air. Who says I can't find a good partner?

After the pleasure-making, I lay on the bed, exhausted. There was a somewhat meaningless feeling of laziness, but I didn't intend to spend the night here. I would feel a bit more at ease going home to sleep. In addition, I still had to take along some files to the company tomorrow.

“You're leaving?”

“Yeah, you carry on sleeping.”

I even affectionately kissed his forehead.

“Then...” He held out his hand from under the sheets. “...one thousand yuan.”

I immediately froze. “What?”

“*Fees.*”

I looked at him in disbelief. “You're-you're telling me...”

“I can't not collect money when making business. This is the rule.”

“I thought we were...” I couldn't find the words at the moment and coughed out in English, “a one night stand...”

“I sort of like you, so I gave you a discount already. It was originally at a higher price.” His expression was still so cute.

I chuckled. I didn't need to look in the mirror to know how unattractive my face was.

I had to rely on prostitutes to be able to find something like this to spend the night with. I had already plummeted to this extent.

I drew out my wallet. I counted for a while and grew more embarrassed. I'd used my credit card to pay for the room fee and the rest, so I didn't bring much cash with me. I didn't think that beyond paying for transportation and canned coffee, I'd have to spend it on something that I can't swipe a credit card for.

In the end, I gave Ke Luo a call.

He'd seen so many of my embarrassing moments in any case. Not just with this situation, he wouldn't speak out of turn about it. And I wasn't close enough to other people for them to know that I'd gotten to the point of needing prostitutes.

Hearing a knock on the door, I immediately went over and opened the door. The tall, young man outside automatically stepped in.

"Being in this kind of place..." His voice, upon seeing the naked upper body of a boy lazily sitting in bed, paused. Clearly, Ke Luo was slightly awkward.

Ke Luo handed me the prepared bills. I passed them to the boy on the bed.

"Thanks." The boy tossed a coquettish glance.

I could tell that Ke Luo was very shocked. But because the boy was still present, he reluctantly held it in and didn't question it. It wasn't until the boy had dressed and left the room with the money that he then opened his mouth and quite implicitly said in English, "You...paid for sex?"

He was embarrassed to use the mother tongue to discuss this kind of matter with me. He also didn't use the word, 'whore.'

I laughed and shrugged with a reply in English, "So what?"

Ke Luo's face darkened. With a harsh tone and a severe expression, he said, "Are you crazy? You're already forty years old. Shouldn't you know how to take responsibility for yourself?"

...to actually lecture me.

“Is this the tone to use when speaking to your senior?”

He went blank, suddenly shutting his mouth.

Accepting old age and being a senior still had its advantages. I straightened my coat and stepped out the door first.

Ke Luo followed behind me at a good distance. Not speaking, I merely strode in front alone.

“Uncle Lee.”

“...” I firmly pressed for the elevator.

“Lee.”

“...”

Ke Luo slightly gasped out, “In fact, you don’t need to spend money. You haven’t gotten that bad...”

This flatterer was practically kissing my ass. My face turned red and then green. “Thank you.”

“Don’t wander all over the place looking for men.”

I wasn’t starving to the point of ‘wandering all over.’ It didn’t suit me to be childish by arguing with the kid. A man such as me can only just give out an ordinary “hm.”

“You’re right. Men require sex.”

Hearing him say so, I laughed aloud.

The elevator arrived. Ke Luo followed me in and pressed the hold button, stopping it for a moment.

“Lee.” I felt the warm air of him standing behind me. “If you have the need from now on, then look for me.”

His voice seldom had that slight gentleness, carrying a bit of pitying comfort.

I chuckled. The elevator began to descend, and I instantly felt the weightlessness. On the wall of the elevator, I saw my face reflected from it. There wasn’t any happy expression of hitting luck. On the contrary, there was a

distinct wrinkle under the right eye; a pathetic sign of aging.

It was just bad luck. I wasn't the kind of old man that needed sympathy.

I actually recalled Ke Luo's words: "If you have the need from now on, then look for me."

I turned it over and over in my mind. In the dead of the night, I recalled it with a hint of sweet aroma.

I began to feel the sheets turn cold and thought to myself: If I have another person's body warmth, it would be so much better.

Suddenly, I didn't want to make love that much. I gradually lost joy in the monotonous collision of physical bodies.

I merely wanted him lying beside me. No need to really do anything. It would be fine just having contact with his arm and shoulder as I turn over.

It was strange that I'd have this kind of feeling. I seemed to have past the phase of lustful cravings. Recently, I'd been having strange thoughts. I didn't know whether I had struck so big that it led to the lack of sex drive, or because I was approaching thirty nine with each passing day.

I woke up to the sound of the alarm in the morning. I would always have a kind of dark feeling, as if the end was drawing near. I clung onto the bed, refusing to come out while I dazedly cursed the world in which I must go to work.

But I woke up entirely at the thought of being able to see Ke Luo at work. I got up full of energy to wash up, shave, select my clothes, and groom my hair; forcing the puffy-eyed, disheveled-haired old man to tidy up into a handsome, natural and unrestrained mature elite.

Upon arriving to work, I saw the elevator about to close from a distant and I hurried forward. "Wait-wait a minute!"

The door opened, and inside was Ke Luo waiting with a smile. What's more, there was only him.

I immediately gathered up my energy. With my fighting spirit to the extreme, I

faced the handsome, charming smile he revealed. “Morning.”

“Good morning.” He was polite. Like a gentleman, he helped carry the bag I held, which contained a large stack of files. Fixing his eyes on me, he smiled again.

Despite having lost my face before, I was still a tiny bit forthright toward Ke Luo’s entanglement. I took advantage of my old age--thinking of a way to make him stay by my side and speak to me more.

“Are you free tonight? Come to my house for dinner?”

Ke Luo’s face suddenly turned red, and he replied, “Okay.” He turned his face slightly away. His fair neck also had another layer of pinkness.

I glanced at the rather curvy ass that was bundled in his well-ironed pants.

With my habits, it’s no wonder he would make an association with that aspect. If it was to ‘simply chat,’ that would be too embarrassing to say out loud myself.

Because he was there, the dull laborious work hours became easy to endure. In my office career, one way for me to relieve fatigue was to play online card games, so I pulled Ke Luo along to accompany me. He didn’t have much interest in them, but he complied, probably due to his obedience with his elders. The two of us sat up—one in front and one behind, playing cards on the computer.

After playing for a while, he turned his head around and with a smile he put out an angry impression. “Didn’t I say that cheating by peeking at my screen is prohibited?”

I grinned. “How could I have? I can’t even see your hand from here.”

“Then let’s switch seats.”

“No way. You’ll peek at mine that way!”

Ke Luo chuckled. “Letting me look back is how it should be.”

We bantered. This little guy’s strength wasn’t that weak. He restrained me with just the use of his arms. “The one who lost has to resign. How can you play so low...”

Ke Luo smiled as he let me brazenly rattle on. He suddenly lowered his head

toward me.

After a spell of lightheadedness, I finally established that he really did kiss me just now.

Blood was rushing to my head when I heard the cell phone rang. It wasn't Ke Luo's usual ringtone. Ke Luo gave out an "ah." He immediately threw me to the side (he really did *throw* me) and grabbed his phone.

Hearing his voice soften, I knew who had called. Ke Luo went out to answer the phone. I continued to play cards—changing to a table full of people bustling to play. It wasn't until one round had passed that Ke Luo come back. His ears were completely red because of the long talk on the phone.

I continued to click my mouse while casually saying, "Doesn't your Shu Nian have another love? Why does he keep calling you? Could he be feeling lonely and so he wants to have an affair?"

Ke Luo immediately looked up at me with severe eyes. "Don't you say that of him."

"Oh, you're upset? Isn't it a good thing for you if he has an affair?"

His face turned red, but his tone was firm. "Shu Nian isn't that type of person."

I chuckled. "My young friend, you're still too inexperienced when judging people. You think he's an angel, so he is one? A lot of people simply don't see the same way as you. I advise you not to be so naive."

The way he looked at me was practically with disdain. "Don't be so sinister in the heart."

I laughed. No longer looking at him, I lowered my head to play cards. Smiling, I felt for a cigarette to smoke out of habit.

I clearly knew that in his heart, Shu Nian was the best. Yet, I still persisted on prodding it over and over again.

Don't tell me I like the thrill of my heart being trampled. Turned out I was actually a masochist.

All day long, Ke Luo talked about Shu Nian. How kindhearted the man is.

How gentle he is. I loathed the Holy Mother-type man Ke Luo described.

In a popular novel, this type of boring protagonist would definitely be a nemesis for the type of man I am. Ultimately, he'd certainly defeat me, becoming the protagonist.

In fact, what's so good about them? They obviously can't do anything.

Must a man be like Cinderella, pure and innocent, to be able to win someone's heart? I can't learn it. No wonder Ke Luo wasn't interested in me.

But no matter how much sexuality he lacked to give, he still had to do what he had agreed on. In the evening, he'd come to my house, like usual, to be ravaged by me.

I had arranged a comfortable home with a favorable atmosphere. The flowers I'd ordered from a flower shop had also arrived. I'd sprinkled some rose petals in the bathtub. In addition, I'd prepared a table of dishes and red wine.

Of course, I didn't cook. These were all takeout deliveries. Shu Nian was said to be all-powerful in housework, but I didn't intend to learn from him. And I was avoiding on blowing up half the house.

When I finally heard the sound of the door key turning, I faced the mirror and touched my chin, attempting to make a devilishly charming smile. Unfortunately, since I had shaved my chin too clean with not a hair left, I couldn't set that sort of devilish feel...

Thinking of him coming with the frame of mind of making an offering, I found it adorable.

The door opened, and sure enough, in came a fresh young, delicately rosy male beauty. He couldn't be regarded as coming early, but it wasn't too late as well. I could still microwave the dishes. It would be the same as enjoying a rich evening meal, and it wouldn't affect the quality of the entire night.

Ke Luo saw the variety of dishes on the dining table and showed a look of surprise. "Have you been waiting for me to eat?"

"Ha....."

"I've already eaten."

“Huh?” I instantly stuttered out, “Is-is that so?”

He looked at me. “Uh, sorry, was I wrong about something? When you told me to come for dinner, were you really referring to dinner? I thought you meant to have sex...”

The smile on my face was a bit stiff. “No, no, you’re not wrong. I only had just that...uh, meaning to have sex.”

“You haven’t had dinner yet, right? Do you want to eat a bit first?”

For a two people portion of dinner, I only shoved down a bit of rice and I didn’t open the wine.

Beside me, sat the person waiting to complete the bed service. All I had to do was to fill my belly up to guarantee the physical strength to make love later. Everything else was superfluous.

After eating, I quickly wiped my mouth clean and rushed to rinse my mouth. Ke Luo shed his coat off. We then entered the bedroom. Following the order, we embraced, kissed, and took off each other’s clothes.

It truly was an unadulterated need to resolve.

No matter what, I wouldn’t forget my original intention. As I caressed, I didn’t forget to remind him. “I want to be the top.”

Ke Luo chuckled. His gaze fell down on me. “Can you when you’re like this?”

Strangely enough, I was not in the mood at all. My lower part of the body couldn’t get up after kissing and caressing for so long. It was just cold, more dead than alive, without an iota of male glory.

As a result, I was, all at once, overthrown by Ke Luo, legs pulled apart. In the midst of struggling in an attempt to flip over, I was still penetrated by him.

No matter how indignant I was, the pleasure of the bodies colliding indeed existed. So logically there was a passionate entanglement; thrusting, then climaxing, and ultimately the pulling out.

Being pressed underneath, it was difficult to breathe. I couldn’t breathe. I was somewhat dismayed. “Okay, enough.”

I'd only done it once and I was worn out. It was a tedious feeling.

Ke Luo took one glance at the wetness I had left on his abs and then at my soft resting lower part. Knowing that the task was satisfactory, he got up and went to the bathroom to rinse.

I lay down, adjusting my breathing. I ignored the pain in my rear and began to secretly look forward to the both of us falling asleep together after he'd come out from the bathroom.

In the midst of the sound of rushing water, I drowsily began to fall asleep as I waited. All sounds afterwards became distant and vague. I suddenly heard someone said, "I'm leaving."

Arousing my senses, I instantly woke up and opened my eyes to the neatly dressed young man.

"I'm going back."

"....." I still didn't know how to react.

He probably thought I looked uncertain, so he asked, "Hm? You want to do it again?"

I laughed and shook my head.

Ke Luo stood for a while and said, "Then if there's nothing else, I'm going back."

I had nothing more to say, so I smiled and said, "Yeah." I watched him pick up his coat, pushed the door, and walked out.

Not feeling sleepy at all, I found it somewhat dull. After I waited for him to leave, I sat up, leaning halfway, and felt for a cigarette from the bedside to smoke.

Fuck, what was I to him? Was I just a hole after all?

Feeling that this comparison was very amusing, I snorted and continued to enjoy my after-sex cigarette. Once I finished smoking, I threw out the remainder of the cigarette and placed one hand over my eyes.

I'd occasionally wonder whether I'd cheerfully let him go if he'd really let me

top him.

Did I really want to top him or was that an excuse to want something else?

Thinking like this made me feel disgusted.

I turned off the light, lay back on the bed, and pulled the sheets over my head.

I started to go to sleep.

I felt tired. If sleeping alone was too lonesome, perhaps I should use money to buy one then.

Lying for a while, I was still awake. I couldn't sleep. My mind was a mess. I had everything, yet I had nothing.

I faintly heard movement outside. It was the sound of the door knob turning.

There was only one person besides me who could use a key to enter. I lay still under the covers and held my breath, listening to his movement.

“Have you fallen asleep yet?”

I sensed him feeling his way to the bed. “Did I wake you up?”

I mumbled a “Hn.”

“Sorry, I forgot to take something.”

Again I gave out a “Hn.” With the sheets over my head, the sound seemed to be smothered.

Ke Luo stood for a moment. “It suddenly occurred to me that there isn't truly a reason for me to go back.”

“.....”

“I could spend the night here, right?”

“.....”

Beside my ears was the sound of clothes being taken off. And then a warm body slid under the covers.

Two hands embraced me from behind.

“Lee.”

“.....”

“Can I have dinner here tomorrow?”

“.....”

“The type that actually involves eating.”

For some reason, my eyes were a bit feverish. Maybe I should be thankful for his kindhearted comfort.

But I always felt that it was never enough.

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

Love Late vol.1 - ch7

3/15/14: minor edit



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1 **NSFW warning**

Chapter seven finally! For those who don't follow my other blogs, I updated the [translation for part one of the drama](#), filling missing translations and fixing mistakes.

Chapter Seven

I didn't think that Ke Luo would really come the next day just because he had said so.

When I slept with pretty boys, I'd be in high spirits and would always say I'd pluck the moon for them.

I had gotten fed up of eating so much of the food yesterday that I lost interest

in those takeouts with the same old taste and suddenly began to miss the taste of home cooking.

When I came across the supermarket, I went in and picked up some groceries. It had been so long since I'd bought grocery food. I had no idea what side dishes to pick. I looked east and west. Anything that I may possibly use, I bought. In the end, I carried two very large bags.

Back home, as I crammed them into the fridge, I felt a bit troubled. I currently couldn't afford to hire someone. If I wanted to eat, I could only make it myself.

So I crouched down in front of the fridge, racking my brain for recipes.

Don't look down on me. Of course I can cook. I wasn't a young master born with a silver spoon in his mouth. There's no sense that I wouldn't know the basic survival skills. I just had no interest in it. Cooking is a survival instinct for when there's no money to eat out. There's nothing fun about it. A rancid smell rose from the hands I had used to cut the meat. Smelling it made me uncomfortable. Although I had washed my hands several times, I couldn't disperse that smell. And when I wanted to stir-fry green peppers, I couldn't decide for a while how many I should put and whether I needed ginger and scallions.

The shrimps jumped about wildly in the bag. Leaked water dripped down the table, making the kitchen floor wet and tempting me to kill them quickly. But I hadn't figured out what to do with them.

I blindly prepared some side dishes and didn't pay any particular attention to whether they looked good or not. Placing the pan, I waited until it was hot to pour some oil. After the oil heated up, I threw every bits and pieces in. Then when it crackled, I hastily began stir-frying.

Hearing the noise from the pan made me panic. Because the hot peppers and garlic were overcooked, the kitchen filled with smoke. The kitchen exhaust hood was useless.

I'm a man whose body should emit the smell of decent cologne or the faint smell of cigarette smoke, not a man who would make people recall from a sniff green pepper and shredded meat.

So I had come prepared to guard against the invasion of the smoke odor by

wearing an old bathrobe that I would later change out of and a shower cap on my head. I stood on full alert as I cooked.

The activity in the kitchen was so hectic that I couldn't hear any outside sound. When someone suddenly spoke in my ear, "Are you preparing dinner?" I nearly tossed the pan as well.

"Did I scare you?" Ke Luo chuckled. "I greeted at the door, but you didn't hear me."

He had just come back from the company: fresh white shirt, black woolen suit, no accessories, yet very simple and handsome; he still had the impression of a big boy.

"Hah, no." My chest pounded. I laughed dryly and continued to cook the stuff in the pan as if nothing had happened. My face revealed a composed demeanor, but inside I wished I could do Munch's scream.

He actually saw me with a shower cap in the silly appearance of wearing a shoddy bathrobe!

I blindly cooked the last portion and forced a calm composure as I put the green pepper and shredded meat together into a dish. I tried to discreetly take off my shower cap and quickly tidy my hair. Displaying a carefree posture, I asked, "Why are you here?"

"Didn't I tell you that I'd be coming here for dinner? Did you forget?" Ke Luo gazed at me for a moment with searching eyes. "Yeah, it seems like...it's...very aromatic. What dish will you make next?"

"Shrimp and fish."

"How do you plan to make it?"

"...by cooking it thoroughly."

Ke Luo looked at me, smiling. "I'm hungry. Perhaps I'll have a go at it then. Quick. Once sauced, one steamed, alright?"

From watching his posture as he clutched the pan, he appeared very experienced. Ke Luo swiftly rinsed the pan clean and wiped it dry. Then he took the bag of shrimp over, poured some boiling water, de-veined the shrimp, and

drained them.

He took two of the mushrooms I'd bought and cut them into thin slices.

Next, he poured two spoonfuls of oil into the pan, added hot pepper and smashed garlic, and then the slices of mushroom. He quickly stir-fried them and put in the shrimp, followed by the soy sauce and cooking wine, going in one by one.

His hands and feet were much swifter than mine. I watched him pour into the pan and stir. His motion of lifting the pan was precise and orderly. Although he was quick, he carried it out in a poised manner. Even the crackling sound of the contents in the pan sounded pleasant to the ear.

Before making the shrimp, he had already smeared the store-processed turbot fish with table salt and cooking wine on both sides, sprinkled it with scallion, hot pepper flakes, and ginger, and placed it into the microwave.

Not long after the cooked shrimp was placed onto a plate, the microwave dinged.

It was a great success. The time used wasn't even half as much as the time I had used.

“Your cooking skills are pretty good.”

In fact, even if he blew up the kitchen, I would still praise him.

Ke Luo smiled as he started to sprinkle some soy sauce on the steamed fish.

“Shu Nian taught me. He's the one that's really skilled at cooking.”

I gave out a cough.

Well, I can cook, but only the kind that involves cooking it thoroughly, eating it the way someone who's poor eats and just to fill the stomach of someone who's lazy. It wasn't until later, when I had the financial capability and became particular about dishes and the taste that I refused to do it myself again. So naturally my culinary skill can't compare with that of Shu Nian's.

And I don't need to make comparisons with him either.

My dish looked a bit ugly, but the flavor was okay. It reached the standard of being edible and capable of filling the stomach. Ke Luo's was much better. It

suited well with both the rice and wine. In two, three servings, I had eaten clean one side of the fish. I then picked at the remains.

“Here, there’s more on this side.” Ke Luo pulled out the middle fish bone. He tapped his chopsticks. “Don’t be picky. You have to eat the fish skin too.”

I stiffly forced a laugh and watched him put the delicate meat of the fish’s belly and the heap of slippery fish skin together into my bowl, as if *he* was my uncle. Sometimes there would be a feeling of role displacement between us.

After finishing a suitable homemade meal early, before the sky was entirely dark, I somewhat didn't know what to do. If we were lovers, we’d directly whisper sweet nothings to one another and then tumble between bed sheets.

We were so awkward, but I couldn't bear to let him go.

Ke Luo sat beside me for a moment. He then suddenly said, “Lee, want to go see a concert together?”

“Ah?”

“I have two tickets.” He drew out neatly-folded tickets from his coat pocket. “It starts at 7:30. It’s not far from here. Do you want to go?”

I looked up in surprise. My gaze shifted from the tickets to his face, and our line of sight met head on. I felt somewhat shy.

I didn't know whether this could be considered as asking me out, but I felt happy. I couldn't control the expression on my face. “Okay.”

I didn't know much about young people’s popular music. Ke Luo liked the singer, Xu Yan. I could only recall his good looks. I had fantasized with his poster before. That was all. I didn't entirely understand it.

However what matters wasn't what we’re going to see, but who I was going to see it with.

After entering the venue, I realized why Ke Luo had asked me to wear comfortable shoes before coming out. I originally thought we’d sit and enjoy the concert. I had no idea everyone would be standing.

As soon as the lighting effect came on, before even Xu Yan's figure appeared, the crowd seethed with excitement, screaming.

In this sort of atmosphere, it really was difficult to sit still. Everyone was standing. If my seat was any closer, I'd still only be able to see someone's back while sitting.

The concert seemed pretty good. The stage design and performance both had great momentum. Xu Yan was, after all, a male beauty who exudes hormones all over with irresistible charisma. A man like me, who was out of loop here, was watching in high spirits as well. Discarding my sense of shame, I joined the yelling.

No matter how infatuated I was with the sexy idol, my leg strength couldn't measure up to adrenaline-pumping young people in their teens and twenties.

Gradually, I couldn't stay standing any longer.

Knowing that Ke Luo was standing and tilting ever so slightly behind me, I, to some extent, leaned toward him with half of my back against his chest. Ke Luo didn't move out of the way. Instead, he slightly straightened his body and supported me.

In a flash, the figure on stage that had the look of the number one handsome idol was thrown to the winds by me.

The vivid stage lights beamed on the practically-boiling venue, and I was only aware of the young man bracing me from behind. It was a somewhat hot where we touched. I felt the strength contained in his chest, which has yet to show itself, and the rhythm of his heartbeat. This really was the best concert I had ever seen.

After the concert, I staggered along with my head in the clouds. Ke Luo, who had made himself hoarse by fervently yelling "encore" along with everyone before the end of the concert, was so adorable. I didn't see him as childish. I only saw him as being full of vitality, letting himself go with such undisguised enthusiasm. It's the privilege of a young man like him.

I didn't want us to split up and go home just like that, so I plotted to secretly slip my wallet or cell phone with him. Once he realizes, he'll naturally take me home. In that case...

Before I could pull my hand out of his coat pocket, he sensed it somewhat and looked down, seeing that sneaky hand of mine. “What’s the matter?”

“...” No matter how fast my mind turned, I couldn't think of any rubbish.

“Heh, I thought it was my pocket...”

Ke Luo chuckled. “I don’t really have anything for you to steal.” Then a hand squeezed in and wrapped around that fist of mine, which was gripping the cell phone in an unsuccessful attempt. “You’re cold, right?”

The palm of his hand was warm. I wasn't the least bit cold. Right now, I was thoroughly warm inside.

Keeping my hand in his coat pocket, we walked on for some distance until we reached the parking lot and drove out together. I really had the urge to push him down on the driver’s seat and kiss him. But seeing the contours of his rather tall, refine profile and the slight trembling of his fine, long eyelashes, for some reason I felt a lack of confidence and short of breath.

“It’s still early. If you don’t have anything else, come to my place and sit with uncle.”

I knew why I lacked confidence. It’s because I was like an unhealthy pedophile.

“Yeah, okay.” He thought for moment. “The water heater at my place broke today. I don’t know if it’s fixed yet. Let me borrow the shower at your place later.”

I suddenly felt like a donkey. He’s just like a visible carrot that I can’t eat, dangling before my eyes. Swaying so much that my head became dizzy and my eyesight blurred.

Before Ke Luo went into the bathroom, he took off his outer clothing to avoid getting them wet. After he stripped off his shirt, I saw, from behind his bare upper body, the smooth, powerful lines of his back. It was hard to restrain the beast inside. I couldn't help but stare.

Ke Luo turned around and saw my expression. He slightly blushed, but still took off his pants. He roughly wrapped the bath towel around his waist, obstructing my view.

Somewhat bringing contempt to myself, I said, “Kid, you’re not very generous. In life, doesn't everyone have to experience having their bare ass seen by their elders?”

He actually wrinkled his nose at me. “The last person who lusted after my rear is still lying in the hospital to this day. “

Hard-mouthed, I said, “Don’t worry. I’m not planning on doing anything. It’s not like I've never seen it before.”

He turned into the bathroom, not immediately shutting the door. Even though I knew from the bottom of my heart that I shouldn't be so short of resistance, I was still mysteriously propelled to follow him in.

Ke Luo held the shower nozzle to adjust the water temperature. He turned around and saw me standing behind him. His expression changed to what seemed like a smile, yet not a smile. “Uncle Lee...”

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m just coming for the toilet.”

With the shower nozzle in one hand, Ke Luo watched me sit my behind on the toilet. “Uncle Lee...if you’re using the toilet, granted that you’re embarrassed to take off your pants, whatever the outcome, you should still lift the toilet lid first.”

“...actually...I don’t want to go all of a sudden.”

“Huh?” Ke Luo smiled and seemed to be waiting for my next words.

We both clearly knew very well what I was thinking and what I wanted. But I couldn't now say out loud something like “help me resolve my need.” There’s a moral to the phrase, “suffering defeats in every battle.” I didn't have much confidence in being able to overpower him. And forget about openly begging him to let me top him. If what I’m asking him was to let him top me, then wouldn't that be putting myself too low?

Pride and lust were fiercely struggling with each other, and in just a few seconds, I held back rather insufferably while Ke Luo remained smiling. Seeing him there waiting for me to justify myself as if intending to laugh at me, my blood suddenly started to boil.

“It’s nothing. Go wash up. I’m leaving.”

Don’t wish to, then don’t. What’s so funny about leaving me suspended like that? I’m not that starving.

Ke Luo called out from behind, “Uncle Lee.”

I knew he was sorry and wanted to make it up, but the chest had been jabbed in one breath. I slammed the bathroom door shut.

I don’t need him. Having sex is a matter of entertaining each other. I suffered in pain on his behalf each time I saw him so charitable. It’s not like I’d die if I don’t do it with him. Why should I pester someone again and again in something so futile?

“Lee.” Ke Luo opened the door and poked his head out from the bathroom. He looked at me. “Did I make you mad?”

“No.” I gave a cough. “Hurry up and shower.”

“Well, um...” Ke Luo kept his head tilted. “Don’t you want to shower with me?”

“...”

Is it so fun to tease me by holding a visible meat bone that can’t be eaten, making me run around in circles? I was suddenly aggravated. “Wash, my ass.”

Yet Ke Luo gave out a chuckle. He walked up to me and squatted down.

“*You...*” His hands held my face. “Being difficult when you’re at such an age.”

I thought my face definitely swelled into the color of a pig’s liver. “Go away. Kid’s spouting nonsense.”

I wasn't being difficult. He wasn't understanding me at all.

I was about to have a fall out with him. Ke Luo, on the contrary, seemed to think it’s amusing. He kissed me hard on the lips. After that, he wanted to kiss yet again a second time. I pushed him away.

I should stand firm in return. I can’t be like a hungry shameless dog that looks longingly at a meat bone every time I see him, with only a share of disgrace.

“Wash quickly and go home. I’m going to bed.”

Not overlooking, nor sparing, Ke Luo grabbed both my arms. “I’m not going back tonight.”

“Then go sleep on the floor.”

Ke Luo laughed. “Ah, can you bear it?”

I faced the little beast’s shiny white teeth and my blood boiled yet again.

He knew I couldn't bear it either.

No matter how I ignored and concealed it, he still saw it clearly and thought it amusing.

But that pitiful ego of mine wasn't a funny thing.

There seemed to be a fire burning in my chest. I gathered my strength and fiercely shoved him away. Ke Luo only slightly swayed, and then effortlessly grabbed my arm. He pressed me onto the sofa and kissed me. His lips retreated back a little, as if he wanted to see my delirious reaction.

“What the heck are you doing?” I bared my fangs. “I *don't* want to do it. Get off.”

Ke Luo still smiled, not the slightest bit stirred. He just pinned my four limbs down hard and pursed his lips. Then lowering his head, he kissed my neck. After a steamy kiss, his moist hot breath blew into my ear, “*This* is beyond your control, Uncle Lee.”

As he sucked on my ear, my back couldn't help but tingle.

It had always been me who coerced others in bed. I still hadn't experienced being coerced. It's so strange.

It was truly unexpected that he would be so active in taking the initiative. I had thought that, to him, I was only an inconsequential chicken rib. A chicken rib that he would only be forced to gnaw on if shoved into his mouth.

The spacious sofa under my body was soft, while, on the other hand, the tightly-pressed bare chest on top was sturdy and powerful. I could still feel that vivid heat even through our clothes. To say my heart wasn't stirred, would be a lie of course, but I still cursed from my mouth. “Get the fuck off me! I *don't* have any interest in you.”

Ke Luo turned a deaf ear and firmly pushed down on me. He kissed from top to bottom and licked me part forcibly and part teasingly while leisurely looking up at my expression. He was just full of confidence.

But as I was kissed to the navel by him, I quickly lost the strength to voice out. The member between my legs had already risen up.

He definitely had confidence in his assets. There was no way I could produce antibodies against him. His inevitable victory was quite clear in his heart and in mine.

My lower body was itchy and hot from being teased by those skillful fingers of his. My vision turned hazy. Suppressed, I was wrapped around and fiddled with between my wide-open legs. My breathing was unbearably coarse and heavy, and my waist tensed up. I instinctively pressed close to him, seeking for a little more intense friction.

It wasn't until I had finally stimulated to my peak and released into his palm that my legs weakened all at once. With perspiration down my back, I was numb and could only lie there, waiting for him to top me. My body was burning and my face flushed red. There was nothing but the shameful feeling of throwing away my shield and armor.

Ke Luo's smiling face magnified before my eyes, and then became fuzzy. My waist was embraced by him and raised high. Something rigid pressed against my rear entrance, insisting on squeezing in.

I was somewhat unable to take much more and blurted out, "S-softer, damn you."

Ke Luo briefly stopped. As soon as I took one breath, he all of a sudden drove in. My scream choked in my throat. "Fuck..."

With no time to adjust my breathing, his pace became more fervent. Sweaty bodies overlapped, rocking and colliding. Every sound became indistinguishable as the gasping and moaning gradually thickened. It was strangely scorching hot where we joined.

Our uncontrollable movements. The heavy, rough breathing. The sex organ that was thrusting repeatedly inside was a little too ruthless. Ke Luo's desire

seemed to surge up as he tightened his grip around my waist and rammed into me. After being so wanton, he still wasn't satisfied. "Open your legs wider."

What did he say!? I firmly glared at him, stubbornly unmoving. I had to defend my dignity as a senior.

Ke Luo simply spread open up my legs while he lunged more deeply. I couldn't help but open my mouth and curse out, "You want to fucking kill me..."

My lips were blocked up once again. The deeply penetrating kiss devoured my remaining words. I sensed that he was really exerting all his strength on hand. I was afraid that my muscles would be torn off. I was about ready to scream. But my legs were successfully pushed to the angle of his satisfaction, almost close to the side of my head.

Surprisingly, Ke Luo seemed to give out a sigh. "You're so soft..." Then he pressed up his entire weight, penetrating in exceedingly deep.

Fuck. You think my body's made of rubber that you can fold however you want to fold? I'm almost forty years old!

But I couldn't emit a full sound. Under his movement, there was a powerless feeling of being controlled, as well as an inability to hold back. Pleasure surged.

Ke Luo and I were compatible in this aspect. And it was quite relaxing. It's rare for the agreement level of two bodies to be so high. This may be the only driving force for him to maintain a physical relationship with me.

Our patterns for making love were undeniably a lot. Some positions made even my shameless thick skin blush. I believe that there would never be so many shameful positions if he was with Shu Nian.

He wouldn't be able to bear letting him feel shame. Not to mention, what would he do if his body was folded into a thirty-degree angle and was injured by the strain?

Well, it's nothing bad. Men love from sex. To this kind of one night stand population, if the feeling in bed is good, then there's a greater possibility to take one step further in the relationship. Maybe there would certainly be a day when he would abide by the choice of his physical instinct.

After tossing and turning a number of times in the living room, we returned to the bedroom bed.

In the end, I lacked the physical strength. And as so, I was in the position of lying on his body as I was penetrated, focusing on gasping for breath and covered in sweat.

But I didn't call for him to stop.

Even though I didn't say it, he already knew how infatuated I was of him. My senses were sharp amidst the intense rhythm, yet my consciousness was hazy. I vaguely heard him call out, "Uncle Lee."

"Huh?" I forced out a reply.

"Uncle Lee..."

The voice came out from the depths of his throat, carrying moist, hot breaths. I looked down and saw his fiery black eyes-- half-narrowed, beast-like fervent eyes. He didn't have anything to say. He was merely calling me.

My insides were fiercely rammed into. Bursts of spasms still continued. I suddenly couldn't restrain myself any longer. I tightly clutched him, and my lips stuck to him.

After the madness reached the breaking point, we both lay down with our strength shed off. Each of us adjusting our breaths and steadying our heartbeats. I waited until there was some strength in my body, and I struggled to climb off. I chose to sit properly, leaning against the headboard of the bed.

Despite being topped, I still had to be handsome and charismatic. I took out a cigarette to smoke contentedly, creating the kind of scene of having a cigarette in heavenly bliss after [X](#). Just as I smoked about a half of it, two fingers crossed over and seized my cigarette.

"Smoking too much is bad for you body."

The damp hair scattered on his forehead looked really sexy. The upward curve of his lips was also very mouth-watering.

"But if I don't smoke, my mouth will feel idle."

Ke Luo chuckled. His lips drew near and blocked up that “very idle” mouth of mine. A twisting and turning, tender kiss. The inside of my entire mouth was warm with his breath. I was actually kissed until my old face was thoroughly red. Damn, this little demon was a little too captivating. Ke Luo moved his lips away and embraced me. “Let’s shower together? I’ll rub your back.”

“Uh-huh.”

He was in fact a bit too passionate toward me today. I couldn't help but indulge in fantasy.

The both of us soaked in the bathtub, pouring water on ourselves every once in a while. We did a lot of things that had nothing to do with bathing to the extent that the water turned cold. We had no choice but to refill the water once more.

We finally began to seriously bathe. Ke Luo grabbed one of my legs and helped me massage the leg that nearly pulled a tendon. Drowsiness pleasantly swept over me.

Not knowing whether it was because I was easily lightheaded from being wrapped by the heat, I gradually became careless.

Although there were some questions that were better off not asked, I wanted to hear the answer. If I don’t ask, who would say it for me to hear?

Just think of this as a gamble on my fortune today. There would be a day when I would need to ask for clarification anyway.

I poked him with my other foot. “Ke Luo.”

“Uh-huh?” Ke Luo slightly smiled and used his toes to catch me.

“Doing it with me, compared with doing it with Shu Nian, which is more comfortable?”

His expression paled. It couldn't be considered grave, but it wasn't far from it.

In unbearable silence, he bowed his head and scrubbed, without uttering a word. A moment passed, and he said, “Shu Nian is always the best.” I brought my hands to the back of my head. Damn it. This is just great. Why do I always love bringing disgrace to myself? If I don’t endure a couple slaps in my face, my

entire body would suffer then?

“Uncle Lee...”

I pretended not to hear as I hummed a song. I stood up and attentively smeared the body wash on myself.

“Uncle Lee.”

“What?”

“I’m sorry.” He was a little hesitant in his apology. “I didn’t know if you’d mind.”

With my throat a little itchy, I gave out a “ha.” I washed off the foam on my chest. “Mind about what?”

“Uncle Lee, although it’s impolite, I don’t think we should have an ambiguous relationship. I also don’t want to trouble you. To be clearly honest with you, I will always love Shu Nian, even though he won’t love me back.”

“...” I snorted. “I know.”

“I’ll accompany you, but my feelings for Shu Nian won’t ever change. You and I aren’t in love. We’re only friends with benefits. If you feel uncomfortable, just tell me then. We’ll change to a different way of getting along.”

When he spoke, his eyes were very open and clear. They weren’t reflecting me at all.

I washed my chest clean and laughed out loud. “You’re thinking too much.”

His young, honest face. Those clear black and white eyes.

Sitting in the bathtub, lukewarm water swept over my chest. The water pressure was too high, so my heart ached somewhat. I smiled and flicked his forehead.

Afterwards, for a long period of time, I didn’t invite Ke Luo to my house again.

I only saw him at the firm for business, nodding my head in greeting.

“Uncle Lee.”

He handed over a steaming hot cup of tea. Ke Luo had helped me brew tea. He even placed a small dish of hazelnuts on the side.

I smiled. “Thank you.” I liked to slowly grind the nuts between my teeth. It’s good for the mind, stomach, and teeth. If you don’t want to get old, then you have to be active everywhere.

Ke Luo was quite friendly toward me. Every few days, he would bring me something. Sometimes it would be a few sweets, sometimes a small box of shrimp dumplings, or coffee in a heat preserved cup. Sometimes a polished apple was set on my desk. Children’s plaything.

Actually our relationship was pretty good. It was merely pushed outside of the ambiguous line.

“Pretty, right?” A light-colored plum blossom was delivered before me.

“Eh?”

“It’s from the garden downstairs. It unexpectedly bloomed, so I brought you a flower.” Ke Luo's smile dazzled. Then he smoothly inserted it into the flower vase that only contained, after an immeasurable number of years, two leaves.

“...” I couldn't help touching my chin. *There’s nothing better in the south of the river than a twig of spring bloom to send.* So cultured.

Giving me these small trivial things, it’s as if to win me over or to compensate me. And it couldn't be helped that they were a bit too cheap-looking. To him these were all obtained in passing. If he tasted an unexpectedly delicious chocolate, he’d just get two for me in passing. If the recently obtained walnuts he cracked were very tasty, he’d just place some on my desk. That was all.

I just didn't know what his mindset was with these kinds of action “in passing.”

Ke Luo still didn't have anything to do, so he leaned against the edge my desk, idly looking to me for conversation. “I wonder if it’ll be nice and warm these next two days.”

“Why? Does it matter?”

“I invited Shu Nian over to play. If it’s too cold, I’m afraid he won’t bear it.”
I gave out an “oh” and continued to slowly grind the hazelnuts between my teeth.

“Uncle Lee, are you free this weekend?”

“What’s going on?”

“Want to see a game together? I have tickets.”

“I’ve invited someone to play golf.”

Ke Luo looked at me. “If you want to play golf, you can call me.”

I laughed. “I dare not trouble your gracious presence.”

If by any chance, half-way into the game, Shu Nian whizzes him away with a phone call, how would I muddle on.

Being with Ke Luo was just like eating a sugar-coated pill. A sweet feeling turning so concentrated and then all of a sudden, gives off a bitterness that caught one unprepared.

How can someone old eat it? My mouth wouldn't be able to stand it.

Ke Luo looked at me for a while. “Uncle Lee, you’re mad at me.”

He said it as if he was stating a fact. I didn't want to put on an act either. I looked up at him and said, “Is it very important to you whether I’m angry or not?”

Ke Luo suddenly felt a little awkward. “You’re my senior.”

Fuck.

“Just remember I’m your senior.” I smiled as I tapped away on my laptop keyboard. I began to bustle about, no longer talking to him.

When Lee received a plum blossom from Ke Luo, he had quoted lines from a poem written by the poet Lu Kai to Fan Ye. The entire poem is translated [here](#).



Interesting tidbit from wiki: The plum blossom, which is known as the *meihua* (梅花), is one of the most beloved flowers in China and has been frequently depicted in Chinese art and poetry for centuries. The plum blossom is seen as a symbol of winter and a harbinger of spring. The blossoms are so beloved because they are viewed as blooming most vibrantly amidst the winter snow, exuding an ethereal elegance, while their fragrance is noticed to still subtly pervade the air at even the coldest times of the year. Therefore the plum blossom came to symbolize perseverance and hope, but also beauty, purity, and the transitoriness of life.

My comment: lol. Ke Luo is like a big puppy dog in this chapter, playfully teasing his master. There are noticeable differences in how he treats Lee here in comparison to how he had treated him in LA. He clearly sees that the man he's sleeping with this time is Lee. This is shown when he calls out Lee's name during sex. Unfortunately, his mind hasn't caught up with the fact that he's already falling in love with Lee. Ke Luo, hurry up and fall deeper in love with Lee!

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Edit: 3/14/14



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

Why are all Lan Lin's characters so adorable~ >//w//<

Chapter Eight

That Shu Nian really had agreed to visit Ke Luo, and he even came alone.

For those few days, Ke Luo was exceptionally excited. His skin, that was originally bright and clean, seemed like it could really radiate light. He had such bright eyes and white teeth that one was unable to look directly at him.

He was like a young male beauty from dreams. Pity he had nothing to do with me.

For the sake of this visitor, Lu Feng provided the best hotel and dinner party. He personally held a welcoming dinner for him. If it weren't for the receiving party's strong opposition, he would probably have sent a private plane to fly him in. In short, it was greatly extravagant. The approach was practically equivalent to receiving a daughter-in-law. It just lacked the red carpet for his son.

I was obligingly invited to the dinner party. Of course I didn't go. I didn't have that fine of a self-control. If by any chance, I could no longer restrain myself and I strangle to death that man, who was pure like Snow White, what then?

As an outsider, why give them trouble?

Over there, the spring night, high floor banquet started. Here, in a restaurant, I ate a simple meal with other colleagues. Both had nothing to do with each other. But hearing a few girls chatting about today's order of a big luxurious bouquet, I thought, for some reason, of the one feeble plum blossom in that flower vase of mine.

Damn, the difference really was too great.

The welcome gift Lu Feng gave to that man was reportedly a rare jade. He even allowed that man to stay at his mansion, appointing people to wait upon him.

When I heard this, I was more or less envious for a moment.

That partly cold-blooded man actually loved his son dearly. Knowing his sexual orientation, he was far from making things difficult for Ke Luo and even generously cooperated. He would deem whoever his son liked as good. Father and son were one mind. In accordance to such offensive, even if he wanted to take home and marry ten Shu Nian, I fear that it wouldn't be difficult.

After a period of time, I'd probably have to deliver a congratulatory gift to Holland.

But anyway, all this had nothing to do with me.

After Shu Nian stayed for a few days, he soon went back. And Ke Luo gradually calmed down, yet he was still cheerful. Seeing him wear that smile on his face, I became a bit weary and was in less of a mood to talk to him.

“Uncle Lee.”

“You need something?”

“Tomorrow is Winter Solstice. Come to our house tonight for dinner.”

I was taken aback.

All around, there was only a Christmas atmosphere; yet there was no one to mention my own country’s holiday. I didn't know how many decades it’d been since I had celebrated Winter Solstice. By him saying so, I felt strange.

“I know you don’t have plans for tonight, and preparing dinner alone is inconvenient. Come eat with us.”

I was uncomfortable to have been seen through the fact of lacking a date, but I was indeed fed up with the same simple monotonous meals.

“The house you’re talking about refers to...”

“Uncle Lu’s house. I’m living at his place.”

I still thought we were going to that mansion of Lu Feng’s until I realized on the way that something was amiss. The car was heading toward an ordinary residential area.

“Where are we going? The villa isn't in this direction.”

“Ah, you don’t know? Uncle Lu hardly lives there. We’re living at that house of Uncle Chen’s.”

I rested my hands behind my head. Such differential treatment. Why can’t I ever be able to enjoy the generous hospitality of Ke Luo’s old man?

“Isn't that too wasteful for that villa?”

Who knows how much money was burnt to merely keep it? Forget about staying somewhere else every once in a while, but to actually live long-term in a common apartment. I don’t know what Lu Feng was thinking.

Ke Luo drove with a smile. “Uncle Lu just needs Uncle Chen to be happy. That villa is used to meet outsiders.”

Oh, can it be that I’m not an outsider? I no longer daydream with my imagination running wild though. I merely listened to the music as I looked out the window with casual indifference.

“That’s right, how many people will be there tonight?”

“Including us, a total of six: Uncle Lu and Uncle Chen, also Uncle Chen’s son, and another boy.”

Hearing that there may be pretty boys, my spirit lifted. I hurriedly used the rear-view mirror to fix my hair.

After pressing the doorbell, sure enough, it was a pretty boy who answered the door: tall, slender figure, large eyes, slightly curly hair, and honey-colored skin. It’s just that his mouth ungracefully opened into an “O” shape.

The corner of my mouth twitched. “Lin Jing?”

“Lee?”

Ever since Lin Jing left, he intentionally cut off contact with me. We're both people who were unwilling to wade in mud and water. I also didn't tell him about my dire situation of returning to the country.

I never expected to see him here. We somewhat forgot ourselves. Just as I reached out to pull him in, he had already thrown himself onto me. I couldn't keep my footing, so we clung together in a fluster.

"Lee..." The way he fiercely drew out the last sound was very adorable. "You've lost weight."

My heart slightly ached. "Yeah."

"You've aged too."

"..." I hate the most when others say that.

Ke Luo watched us with a slight surprise. "Turns out you two know each other?"

Lin Jing chuckled and said, "Not just knowing!"

Our love affair wasn't anything decent. What's there to be proud of?

We had arrived late, so when we entered the house, everyone else was already present. Lu Feng had just come out from a shower. His hair at home wasn't combed the usual neatness. His forelocks were scattered down. I was almost smitten to death.

He was obviously at that age, yet he was still so potent. It really is a crime for this pair of father and son to have such genes.

Zhuo Wen Yang, the son of that icy-jade like, clean and snowy white skinned, cold beauty, Cheng Yi Chen. Although I'd heard about him, it's reasonable that

this would be my first meeting with him. I didn't know why, but he seemed exceedingly familiar. Indigo blue is extracted from the indigo plant, but is bluer than the plant it comes from; he was indeed better looking than his father and taller: a cold, detached, self-restrained look with indifferent eyes. I watched in a daze.

“Uncle Lee, sit.”

Only until Ke Luo forcibly pulled me did I come back to myself. Retracting my wicked, lecherous expression, I sheepishly rushed to look for a seat.

Ke Luo looked at me with a forced smile and spoke in a low voice, “You like him?”

My heart leaped. I stiffly swallowed my denial and laughed. “He's not bad. Are you going to help introduce me?”

Ke Luo stopped smiling. Just as he was about to open his mouth again, he heard Lu Feng's deep voice. “What words do you two have that must be spoken in hushed tones?”

I immediately broke out in cold sweat. It wasn't until I looked up that I realized he wasn't speaking to us at all, but to Lin Jing who had his lips to Yi Chen's ear.

I wasn't being overly suspicious. I actually had a guilty conscience. To have Lu Feng discover that I, his former “colleague,” had an affair with his son. I was really afraid of the day when I would vanish into thin air because of a “man-made disaster.”

After the bustle, the dishes were set. We each took to our seat. Zhuo Wen Yang naturally sat beside Cheng Yi Chen. Lin Jing actually pestered to occupy the other side and was nearly killed by Lu Feng's glare. I hastened to drag him back.

Everyone sat around the table: Cheng Yi Chen, Lu Feng, Ke Luo, me, Lin Jing, and Zhuo Wen Yang. For some reason, with this arrangement, I just felt that the

relationship between the people at the table was truly strange. Fortunately, the atmosphere could still be regarded as harmonious.

Cheng Yi Chen sat right across from me. I couldn't help but glance over him a few times. He really was rather good-looking: still notably youthful, slender figure, very fair, extremely good taste; it's rather rare to see a man so good-looking with single eyelids.

But even if he's any more pleasing to the eye, when beside Lu Feng, I felt that he was somewhat lacking.

I had originally thought that the man who could make Lu Feng go crazy should be, how do I say, an extremely rare, unrivaled beauty. My expectation was too high. At that time, when I had first seen him in the flesh, I was hit by disappointment.

I didn't know what it was about him that caused Lu Feng to love him so much.

But now that I thought about it, what was it about Ke Luo that made me so infatuated?

However more beautiful Ke Luo was, it's not as if I hadn't seen people more beautiful than him. Boys for certain occasions have charms rarely seen on earth. What was Ke Luo to me? Even Zhuo Wen Yang may not lose to him. And at the time when I had more money, what hadn't I seen in this world?

I didn't know what was going on with me.

The dinner tasted pretty good: steaming hot homemade dishes. Ke Luo and Lin Jing, who were bantering with anecdotes and jokes as a bumbling duo, almost made me laugh to death. The more I ate, the livelier it was. Even Zhuo Wen Yang's iceberg face was slightly thawing.

And the real king of cold jokes was in fact Cheng Yi Chen. You can't tell, right?

With an honest face and a solemn expression, he unexpectedly dropped two lines, making us go out of control: Zhuo Wen Yang grinned and Lin Jing was set off to keep shouting, “Uncle Chen, you’re so sneaky!”

I saw Lu Feng feigning indifference with his hand supporting his forehead. He had a cold and detached look, yet his shoulders were involuntarily trembling. It was unusual and amusing.

He seemed happy.

After eating dinner and cleaning up the table, two pairs of father and son sat down to play cards. Fathers and sons separated against family, playing with vigor and murderous looks. Lin Jing and I watched from the sidelines for a while, and then slipped away into the bedroom to speak in private.

“How come you’re here?”

“I refused to live together with my dad and his lover, so they brought me here under Uncle Chen’s care.” Then Lin Jing added, “Oh, yeah, Uncle Chen is the elder brother of my old man’s lover.”

My brain grounded to a halt. “Oh. So Cheng Yi Chen is your...stepfather’s older brother. You have to call him...brother-in-law? And call Lu Feng...Un-Uncle or Auntie?”

“...I don’t want this kind of aunt. And you? How come you’re here?”

“Hadn't I mentioned earlier? My undertaking in LA failed, and I came back to start from scratch.”

“Don’t brush me off with these formalities. Frankly speaking, are you and Ke Luo dating?”

I immediately retorted, “Nothing of the kind.”

“Then it’s one-sided for you?”

“...nonsense.”

Lin Jing giggled, “Ke Luo and I play well together. I can help put in a few good words for you.”

“Go away.”

“Don’t put on an act.” Lin Jing squirmed. “Come on, come on, let’s swap secrets.”

How old am I? To even do such childish things with him.

I remained completely unmoved, and Lin Jing rolled his eyes. His skin was a bit tanned, but quite clear and smooth. And his eyes were dark and big. The look of him staring wide and rolling his eyes was hilarious. “Ke Luo is so handsome. It’s typical to be captivated by him. If he isn’t your type, then I’ll consider making a move.”

“Hey! Hold on a minute!” I glared at him with cannibalistic eyes. “Alright, I like Ke Luo...his...uh, body. Just don’t tell Lu Feng.”

Lin Jing had grown to about my height. No matter what aspect I looked at him from, he had competitive strength. Children nowadays develop so well. I felt more and more defeated at the acknowledgement.

“You should have admitted earlier!”

“It’s not like anything will come of it. This kind of disgraceful thing!”

“I’m hopeless like you.” Lin Jing scratched his head and sighed. “I seem to like Uncle Chen.”

I was shocked and immediately shot at him with eyes that say, “You’re insane.”
“Have you had your head clamped by a door before?”

“When I first saw him, I had a strange feeling. I can’t clearly explain it. In any case, he’s the type I like!” Lin Jing spoke with a lewd look.

“Forget about it.” To snatch and eat the meat from Lu Feng’s mouth, are you fed up that life is too long? I good-naturedly guided him. “You can make a move on anybody; just don’t make a move on Cheng Yi Chen unless you want to make Lu Feng go ballistic. You’re familiar with what a RPG game’s final boss looks like when he hits berserk mode, right? Do you want to be crushed under his feet?”

Seeing him grieve with a shriveled mouth, I patiently explained, “Cheng Yi Chen and Lu Feng have a scabbard-and-sword relationship.”

Lin Jing gave me a look. “You’re so perverted.”

As soon as I was sentimental for once, I suffered a blow like this. “What? Where is your mind wandering to?! You little pervert!”

“You old pervert.”

I exploded with anger, “What are you saying?! Can’t you just say big pervert? What old?!”

For me at this age, it’s a taboo for others to mention age.

“Moreover, what can you use to fight against Lu Feng? Is your pocket deeper than his? Are you as handsome as him? Are you as muscular as him?”

“I’m young, and I have skills.” Lin Jing pondered for a moment and suddenly approached me. “That’s right, Lee, seeing as how we’ve been in friendly terms for so many years, how about you lend yourself to me for practice once more?”

I understood what he was referring to and instantly said with a smile, “Why so polite? With our relationship, don’t say one time. We've already done it one hundred, two hundred times. I’ll even keep you company ten to twenty more times.”

“I’m saying let me top you...”

I immediately scoffed, “In your dreams.”

I didn't know what was going on with young people nowadays. Their hairs aren’t fully grown yet, and they’re all in a hurry to be a top. Public morals are really getting worse by day.

The card game reached its end. Cheng Yi Chen set about making dessert. Zhuo Wen Yang also went into the kitchen to help. Lin Jing and Ke Luo sat on the living room floor, playing battle games. The video game controller clacked as they punched the buttons.

These two typically lived here and as young people were likely to play together.

Lu Feng signaled me with his eyes. I hurriedly got up and went onto the balcony with him.

Once I stepped out, I shivered. Light snow unexpectedly fell from the night sky. A slight chill penetrated my bones. It differed significantly from the temperature indoor. Lu Feng stood still, looking down at the glittering nightscape for a while before he opened his mouth. “You and Xiao Luo’s relationship is pretty good.”

My sneeze was stifled back in fear. Sweat drenched my back. “Not at all.”

“He often talks about you. When Xiao Chen finished brewing the coffee, he even insisted on getting a pot for you.”

I couldn't figure out what this man was indicating. I smiled awkwardly, not daring to say a word.

“It’s good this way, and I’m more at ease. Lee...” He looked at me. “If something is to happen to me, I leave Xiao Luo to you.”

I was taken aback. I didn't know whether his words were real or not and hurriedly laughed as I said, “What is this nonsense? What can happen to you?”

Lu Feng was by no means raised from a greenhouse as a young master. He had started bare-handed. His path up to now wasn't smooth at all. Relying on brains and absolute ruthlessness was his style. At a young age, he was like Asura: neither lenient nor afraid of death. His way of doing business wasn't anything pure. In those days, who knew how many people wanted to kill him and rejoice afterwards? But to this day he’s been safe and sound. This was evidently his handiwork.

Up until now, not many people in all of T city would dare to firmly mess with the man. Yet he suddenly looked to me to handle his future arrangements, taking in calculation his death.

In fact, even if he lived in a place like this that didn't have much of a security system, he surely had bodyguards in unseen places. It’s as safe as sleeping in a bank safe. I didn't know what he was fretting about.

Lu Feng nodded, not commenting on the remark. “You've seen Lin Jing, right? He’s actually the son of Xiao Chen’s enemy. You and I would never have expected it back then.”

I didn't dare speak out.

“I've happened to have done some things to him.” Lu Feng glanced at me. “Some you don’t even know about.”

A chill ran down my back. It was a long while before I forced myself to say, "Xiao Jing isn't so vengeful of a person, and he also has amnesia. There's no need for you to worry."

Lu Feng shook his head. "Lin Jing having amnesia now doesn't mean he'll have amnesia for life."

Hearing this, my heart shivered.

"Don't be afraid. I won't do anything to him. Moreover, even if he doesn't remember, Xiao Chen remembers. I'm only concerned that Xiao Chen will take it too hard."

I didn't need to worry about Lin Jing's personal safety for the time being. I breathed a sigh of relief, but then I heard Lu Feng say, "Perhaps Xiao Chen will kill me."

I was startled. "That's-that's impossible."

Lu Feng merely smiled. I was a bit shaken. To be able to destroy everything for his lover--these kinds of horrifying words actually came out of his mouth so casually. What kind of lovers are these two?

"I'm not afraid of it so long as he doesn't leave me without a word."

Choosing my words carefully, I said, "I think you're worrying too much. Anyone can see his feelings for you. Even if you've done...things he can't forget, he won't go as far as to blame you. In the end, all men cover up their faults."

Lu Feng snorted out a laugh. He felt for a cigarette out of habit, but felt nothing. He had quit. "You won't understand. Even though Xiao Chen loves me, he'll never cover me."

After Lu Feng had finished speaking, he hesitated slightly, and immediately

corrected himself, “But then, I don’t need anyone to defend me.”

This man was clearly a cruel tyrannical guy, yet at that instant he revealed a weak side...it really makes ones nosebleed gush.

My perverted nature doesn’t distinguish the time and place. I suddenly wanted to comfort him a little. This time it wasn’t due to fear that I sucked up to him.

“It’s not as bad as you think. It’s been so many years for you both. To be together now isn’t easy. And it’s not as if he doesn’t know how to cherish someone. We’re not hot-headed teenagers anymore. You and I aren’t as impulsive, and neither is he.”

“...”

“He’s actually pretty easy to understand, right? Treat Lin Jing...treat those around him better and perhaps he’ll slowly feel at ease.”

Lu Feng quieted for a while, and then said, “I’m indebted to you for your kind words.”

He was so polite. I was really overwhelmed by the flattery and honor.

“Enough about this. How is Xiao Luo? He’s fairly sensible, right?”

“Yeah, he’s smart.”

“He also likes men. I was a little shocked.” Lu Feng chuckled. His expression softened. “But it can’t be helped. As long as he’s happy, he can do what he wants.”

I coughed. “He likes that...Shu Nian is it? You’ve met him too. How is he?”

“Not bad. If Xiao Luo thinks he’s good, then he’s good. I rather like him as well.”

Lu Feng naturally continued, “These types are always good. I don’t have any objections to him being together with Xiao Luo. Gentle and polite, kind-hearted, and soft-tempered.”

These qualities were beyond thousands of miles apart from mine. My mouth turned up.

“Speaking of which, Shu Nian is a bit like Xiao Chen.” Lu Feng smiled faintly. “Our tastes are so very similar. He really is my-” He abruptly stopped half-way and looked at me warily.

I quickly pretended to have heard nothing and nonchalantly gazed down at the night scene, just gazing at the night scene. I wonder if a person becomes dim-witted in certain areas because he’s too smart. Anyone can see that he’s your son. Why put on an act?

As soon as we went back into the house, Lin Jing saw me and threw himself onto me, wailing, “Ke Luo's too cruel! How can anyone attack me in a game without a single shred left...”

Ke Luo just laughed evilly, “Let’s go for one more round, huh?”

Lu Feng faced them and stopped. Tall and frightening--no one dared to stick to him. Only Cheng Yi Chen walked over and cupped his face.

The pampering made me so shocked that my chin nearly dropped. That’s Lu Feng. He can bite. He’s not some small kitten or puppy.

Cheng Yi Chen wiped off the drops of melted snow from his eyebrows, caressing him. “Your face is freezing cold. There’s warm soup. Have a bowl.”

Lu Feng gave out a “Hn.” A bowl of soup could make him so happy.

I watched them for a while. I believe I might have hit the mark. Yet I vaguely felt

that there's something amiss.

Well, it's someone else's family affair, and I can't get a word in edgewise anyway.

I'd even eaten the late-night desserts, if I stay any longer, it would be too late. I got up to take my leave. Ke Luo offered to take me home. In fact, I could have just called a taxi, but his etiquette was always so thorough.

Sitting inside the car, Ke Luo didn't drive out right away. He looked at me and smiled. "What did you and Uncle Lu privately talk about outside?"

If it was the former me, I would have made a pass on him by saying something like, "Your father has entrusted you to me. From now on, you're mine."

But now I wasn't in the mood. I just chose to say what he wanted to hear: "About Shu Nian. He thinks you both are very well-matched. With Uncle Lu supporting you, you really have nothing to worry about."

Ke Luo froze. He pressed his lips and his face flushed. Bowing his head, he quickly started the car.

We had nothing more to say. After the car drove on for a while, I was somewhat bored and pointed out, "Turn right at the intersection up ahead."

Ke Luo gave me a baffled look. "It should be straight ahead."

"I'm not going home. You can just take me to Narcissism."

An endless night of those gentle, pleasant, pretty boys--I really missed it somewhat. With this face of mine, I can get an acquaintance VIP discount inside. Cash is allowed, credit cards are too. Even putting it on a tab is okay.

Ke Luo frowned. "Uncle Lee, don't go to those types of filthy places anymore."

I didn't take it to mind and brazenly spoke out, "No need to worry about safety. It definitely passes the test. Do you want to have a go at it too?"

The employee benefits Ren Ning Yuan gave were pretty good. He would never casually bring out a questionable person. Comprehensive physical examinations were regularly carried out. Their medical insurance was probably better than mine.

But Ke Luo apparently didn't appreciate my proposal. He hardened his face, not responding. When he drove through the intersection, no matter how I alerted him, he drove his car straight ahead.

I wasn't in the mood to joke around. "What the hell are you doing?"

The young man's stern expression looked so much like his father's. "Didn't I tell you that if you have the need, you can look for me?"

I laughed. "I dare not trouble your gracious presence." In view of my usual lessons, if I seek him, I might as well seek a vibrator.

"Park in front."

Ke Luo stepped on the gas instead, making it explicitly clear that he wasn't planning on paying any attention to me.

I felt extremely frustrated at having my wishes ignored, but I didn't want to perform a jump out the window of a speeding car either. I was pissed off, and yet all I could do was watch helplessly as scenes of debauchery continuously flew past me.

Although he's ruthless, I couldn't say anything. This was someone else's car.

When had I become so stricken that I was short of breath in such a way? Even riding the car had gotten to the point that I had to look at the man's face?

The car drove up to the stairs of the apartment. My mood to search for a fling had faded. I didn't want to bother shooting my mouth off at him. Exhausted, as I reached out to open the car door, I heard Ke Luo asked from behind me, "Can I go up?"

His intention couldn't be any more obvious.

Him coming to my house was the same as me going to Narcissism. The only difference was that he didn't even need to draw out money.

I sneered at him. "If you have the need, go to Nar then. Mention my name and you can get a discount."

"Uncle Lee."

"What?"

He suddenly approached me and kissed me on my lips. I was caught off guard and blanked out for a moment—about six, seven seconds—then I pressed against his forehead and shoved him off. "Stop playing."

How great does he think his kiss is? Tossing me that tiny bit of fish bait and I'll fall head over heels onto his hook?

When Ke Luo approached me again, I dodged him. I patted his head and pushed open the door. "Goodnight, kid."

My voice hadn't even dropped, and my mouth was blocked yet again. This time it was a passionate kiss. His tongue probed in. A moist, hot sensation that was incredibly captivating. On top of that, a strong, powerful embrace. I was momentarily breathless.

Although we were separated by heavy sets of clothes, I could still feel his

scorching body and his caress. I was made hot and parched under his fervent kisses. Don't tell me this brat is in heat?

He's a hot-blooded youth after all. It was much more unbearable for him, who hadn't vented once in a while, than it was for me.

After a period of entanglement, my cooled-down desire was stirred up once again. Doing it in the car once was definitely enticing, and I did have a need to resolve. It was a pretty good sex to pick up so easily, and the quality of the sleep later on would be higher--good for the body and mind.

The kisses still continued. My fucking lips are about to be bitten off. What the hell is with this lengthy foreplay? Why not go straight to taking off the pants and be done with it? In any case, we've always just done it. The hollow kisses were too redundant.

Desire gained the upper hand. I had already intended to abandon my reason, following instinctive intimacy. With my belt half-unfastened, my hand slid into Ke Luo's pants, yet Ke Luo seemed to be startled. He loosened his grasp and straightened up, distancing himself from me.

"Sorry."

I couldn't see his face clearly in the dim light, but I was sure that the clenching of my teeth was very much apparent to the eye.

"What do you mean?"

Ke Luo fell silent for a moment. "Sorry, I shouldn't have done that"

I gave a short laugh and put my pants back on. Damn it, go remain faithful to that Shu Nian of yours then.

"Uncle Lee"

“Get lost.”

Translator's comment: Nooo~ Ke Luo, what were you thinking!? o(╯▽╯)o

Also, as a side note, on Chinese names-The Chinese surname goes first, followed by given names. For example, Lee is actually his last name. His first name is "Mo Yan." In Cheng Yi Chen, "Yi Chen" would be the first name. Using the pre-fix "Xiao" (translated as "little") before the person's name shows familiarity. In this chapter, Lu Feng calls Cheng Yi Chen, "Xiao Chen," and Ke Luo as "Xiao Luo."

* Additional information about Dongzhi festival aka Winter Solstice: [video link](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

Love Late vol.1 - ch9

Edited with corrections.



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

Again, thank you, Jean, for the donation!!! It'll be used to obtain the anthologies mentioned [here](#). Also, thank you for the comments from all of you~ <3 As I've posted in my news blog, Force Majeure is added as an official project. It takes place before Love Late, so we'll see what Ke Luo was like before he met Lee. 8D

Chapter Nine

The elevator dinged. I looked down at my watch. I barely made it at the last minute—I wasn't late.

I greeted my colleagues with a smile as I walked, feeling light in the head. I had left the house on an empty stomach this morning. I valued appearance more

than anything. I could spend an hour alternating hot and cold compress on my eyes to remove the unexpected, severe dark circles under my eyes and bloodshot eyes. Yet I couldn't even squeeze in three seconds to blow my water cool for drinking.

Someday saving face will get me killed.

Upon entering the office, I saw a plate of tea cake set on the desk. The color and fragrance were both attractive. It was almost perfect if not for one small thing: there wasn't my usual can of coffee. Instead, there was a carton of milk. It was still warm when I touched it. It was just heated.

For a man who had gotten up early with low blood pressure, it truly was a never-ending temptation.

It's really a pity that Ke Luo didn't take on as a househusband. Whoever lives together with him would certainly be cared for comfortably.

Unfortunately, I won't be played around for a little sweetness from him again.

I swept the rather appetizing breakfast into the trashcan and called for two men to start moving desks and chairs.

Ke Luo came in just as I was vigorously directing staffs at hand to move his armchair. He gave a look of astonishment. "What is this?"

"You're moving over there. It's more spacious." I pointed to the other side of the shelf.

Our office was originally separated into two independent spaces by a simple ornamental shelf. Usually, Ke Luo would be with me, sharing the wider side here. The other smaller half of space was then lavishly changed as semi-idle.

Ke Luo had some doubt. "Why?"

I looked at him. “This is the original setup. One person, one compartment. Isn’t it much more convenient?”

The breakfast in the trashcan probably made him a little aggrieved. Ke Luo said no more. Slightly pouting his lips, he watched as a wide range of his public and private items were moved over.

After the rearrangement, my field of vision greatly expanded. I could vaguely see Ke Luo’s back only from the ornamental shelf’s gap.

This time, the world’s at peace. I didn’t have to look at him the minute I glance up.

Bullying Ke Luo could be considered as bringing a hint of pleasure.

In fact, it had passed my mind that if it was Shu Nian who had his heart hurt by someone, he would have endured it silently as he moved his stuff out. Leaving his back for the person to stare after, instead of staring at that person’s back.

The approach will make people like him more. It’s this type that would wrench Ke Luo’s heart strings so much that his heart would ache.

But I’m Lee.

At night, I went to Narcissism to call someone as a treat for myself. He was a pure young man with big fawn-like eyes, lovable with the ability to act coquettishly.

I paid particular attention to the mood. A motel kind of place absolutely would not make do, but my wallet couldn’t afford to keep booking a luxury hotel outside. Poverty stifles ambition. It would be better to go home. It’s the essence

of life to economize.

The house was brightly lit as I opened the door. This was my routine. Before going out, I'd turn on the lights. Sometimes I'd so much as turn on the stereo, so that when I came back, it's bright and lively.

As a single man who frequently returns at night, I was fed up with opening the door and facing an icy, pitch black, dead silence of an apartment.

With a beauty in my arms, the spring nights always seem too fleeting. I naturally switched off the living room lights and embraced the fawn-like beautiful youth on the sofa with some tenderness first. Once he was restless from being teased, emitting cute sounds and actively opening his legs as he begged for pleasure, I began to leisurely unbuckle my belt in preparation to enjoy the big feast.

"What are you doing?"

A third man's frigid voice emerged midway through our intimacy. Anyone would wither at once. The young boy shrieked in fright, shrinking into my arms. Even his sound resembled a small animal's.

I had to hold him reassuringly as my hair stood on end. My pants weren't even pulled up properly, and my one and only weapon was a bottle of lubrication in my hand. How was I supposed to handle a burglar this way?

"Uncle Lee."

It was then that I finally made out the face of the intruder who stood in front of the sofa. I couldn't help but gave a sigh of relief and utter out a curse.

The boy in my arms timidly peeked out. "I-is it a thief?"

"No." The corner of my mouth twitched a little. I aimed at Ke Luo, "What are you doing in my house?"

I seldom bring a take-out home to eat. Moreover, he's spoiled my mood. Shouldn't he be self-conscious and return me the house key?

Ke Luo wore only a shirt. With his sleeves rolled up and his hands dripping wet, he frowned. "I'm making you supper." Once again, he eyed us up and down: a pair of disheveled, adulterous couple. "And you? What are you doing?"

"I'm currently eating supper. Can't you tell?"

Ke Luo looked down at the "supper" in my arms, and his eyes widened. "He's a... high school student?"

"No, it's uniform role-play. He's already an adult." I resentfully got up and put my clothes back on properly. I took out my wallet to pay the fawn-like boy. "Be good and go back first. I won't call a taxi for you."

The fawn-like boy took the one night fee and left, leaving me with Ke Luo—the widened eyes fixed to the small eyes.

"You paid for pleasure?"

I calmly replied, "That's right."

"Do you have to stoop so low?"

"Don't be so naive." I couldn't stand a man with a full stomach like him who didn't know starvation. "Then what am I supposed to do? Go to the public toilet of a park to find a partner?"

He was young and handsome. With a casual lift of a finger, people would automatically lie on his bed. I, however, no longer had those assets.

Ke Luo towered above me, looking down: his delicate eyebrows slightly creased

and his dark black eyes fixed on me. Looking up from this angle, the length of his eyelashes became more distinct. He was a beauty, pure and simple.

Broad shoulders, slim waist, long legs, good build, and fair-skinned with an intelligent and sensible look.

Probably due to an apparent change in the look of my eyes, Ke Luo, whom I was staring at, gave a puzzling expression.

I've said before that I no longer had any interest in him, but how could I not have interest in sex.

I had spent money tonight to have a long overdue lovemaking banquet. In the end, I didn't enjoy anything. I had just started eating the appetizer and the table was cleared. How could I swallow this in one breath?

Ke Luo's thin, yet powerful, shirt-wrapped waist was before my eyes. I exposed my teeth with a grin and seized his belt, pulling him over.

Ke Luo, still taken by surprise with no time to react, was pushed onto the sofa by me.

His somewhat helpless look was mouth-watering. The lecherous side of me heightened, and I took advantage of the opportunity to unbuckle his belt and slide my hand into his pants. "Are you here as replacement for my supper, huh?"

Ke Luo was roughly gripped by me, and his face instantly flushed. He grabbed my wrist, stopping me from more obscene moves.

"Uncle Lee!"

There's no use calling me 'Uncle.' I didn't want to be modest with him. There wasn't the slightest trace of tenderness in my action

“Scaring away who I was going to spend the night with, you should have the awareness of making up for it!”

Yet Ke Luo’s strength was great. He was unwilling. I truly was at a disadvantage and could only use my mouth to intimidate him. “You don’t believe I’ll rape you?!”

Before my voice dropped, Ke Luo frowned as his hand exerted more force, nearly breaking my wrist bone. My face distorted in pain. Let alone fiercely raping him, I couldn’t even move a finger.

He really showed no mercy. Badly battered, I climbed off him. Losing my old face completely, I barely died from shame as I reluctantly grinded out, “Is it worthwhile? It’s not as if we haven’t done it before. Why be so difficult?!”

“I don’t want to keep seeing you without pants.”

In those very few minutes, I actually couldn’t think of any similarly vicious insult to throw back at him. I could only smile as I properly dressed.

“You’ll never see it from now on.”

“Uncle Lee, don’t blame me for saying unpleasant words, but your private life is too out of line.”

I turned my back on him. “If you don’t want me to beat the hell out of you, get lost!”

“Even if you’re mad, I still have to say it. You’re already at this age, how can you still not understand what it is to curb one’s instincts?”

I laughed out in extreme anger. “Then you tell me where I should curb my instincts to?”

Ke Luo seemed speechless. It took him a long while before he said, "You should find someone to treat with more earnestness. Live life properly."

I nodded. "Many thanks for pointing it out, Master Ke."

Ke Luo stood a bit awkward.

"Still not going?"

"Uncle Lee, if you need to, then I can introduce you to those who suit you."

"Hah." I was over the limit with rage, yet I spoke with composure as I felt for a cigarette. "Fine, handsome-looking and willing to let me do him will do. Any candidates?"

"...no."

"Then don't say whatever bullshit."

Ke Luo's face reddened a bit. "Uncle Lee, it's better if you don't mess around outside. You're always like this. How can you settle down and be with someone?"

I fiercely smoked a couple mouthfuls. "Despite being devotedly attached to Shu Nian, aren't you messing around all the same?"

"I'm not messing around."

I held my cigarette in my hand and laughed.

Ke Luo flushed from my laughter. "I've only slept with you."

"Who the fuck are you fooling?"

Ke Luo fell quiet with his lips somewhat pouting. "I've only been with you."

Without realizing it, the cigarette was lit to the end, burning my hand. I drew in a sharp breath from the heat and quickly put it out. "Why?"

Even in the dim light, I could see his black eyes clearly.

"I don't know."

Releasing my anger, I threw the cigarette butt into the trash can. "Forget it."

Ke Luo looked at me. "Then do you know?"

"Fuck, you're asking me? How would I know?!"

Ke Luo whispered, "Then it can't be helped." He suddenly leaned forward and kissed me on the lips.

A moment passed, and I patted his shoulder. "Hurry on home."

I didn't hate kissing him. I hated myself who would get nervous like this because of a small kiss.

Ke Luo didn't say a word and he had no intention of leaving. He just leaned in and kissed me yet again with more force.

I was suddenly a bit flustered and nervous. I took a step back and lifted my eyes. "What's the matter? Master Ke, do you have an interest in sex? It's a pity I don't. Pardon I don't--"

Before I could finish speaking, my mouth was blocked, knocking my teeth so much that they buzzed.

I wasn't the person to trifle with. While we wrestled, the coffee table was

knocked over. It wasn't as much of a resistance as it was basically a brawl. I seized the opportunity to beat him up with a couple blows to let off the accumulated steam.

After the fight, it was my turn to be pushed onto the sofa. We were both gasping for breath. I fell at a disadvantage yet again. Seeing as I was losing out, I couldn't help but yell out, "Who was the one that just said he didn't want to see me without pants?!"

Ke Luo was dumbfounded for awhile. Somewhat hard-pressed, he stuttered out, "I-I don't want to..."

Damn it!

"Yet you still won't fucking let go!"

Ke Luo pursed his lips: the precise image of a well-behaved kid. He released me and watched me swear as I sat up.

With my old animosity and new hatred combined, the more I thought about it, the angrier I became. And I berated him, "Even if you want to see, I won't let you! Has seeing me without pants obstructed those eyes of yours? Is there somewhere you can't look at or what? Do you think my waist is big? Or my ass saggy? It's been so long since you've seen them that you've forgotten what they look like, right? Shit-"

Before I could scold enough, my shoulders suddenly sank. I was pushed onto the sofa once more.

Ke Luo's lips were very forceful. I was blocked, momentarily smothered. By the time I recovered, even my briefs couldn't be insured. My lower half was chilly.

"Dammit, did you forget what you've said?!"

Ke Luo only called out in a small voice, “Uncle Lee,” then fell quiet as he forcefully kissed my neck and concentrated on his way down.

I was teased by him so much that my entire body felt out of sorts. I felt warmth between my legs. I was actually being sucked by him.

The bastard contradicting himself was no ordinary talent.

The process in which he used his lips and tongue to gently tease could count as pleasure for me in any case. But as soon as he stopped and changed his position, I knew something was wrong.

Unable to struggle free, I was forced to part my legs as I lay on Ke Luo’s lap. Something hard pressed between my buttocks. My hairs stood on end. Having sexual interest in him referred to enjoying this kind of beautiful young man, not for myself to be used for enjoyment.

Being topped is what I hate the most: to be held down, feeling his fingers lubricating between my legs. I could only hurl all kinds of abuse. I started giving my regards to Ke Luo’s line of ancestors--even Lu Feng wasn’t spared.

“Fuck your X-” My mouth heartily cursed out. In fact, it was the opposite.

As something fiery-hot pressed against my rear, I only felt a burst of pain in my waist, and was then penetrated.

“Uncle Lee...”

I was already flying in rage out of humiliation. What the fuck are you calling out for!

Yet in reality, the feeling of being breached wasn’t bad at all. The shuddering sensation that the hard rhythmic movements carried out was, for the most part, amazing. I was gradually losing control of myself. The brat, in this respect...was

undeniably good.

However, I was tossed and turned over and over again so many times that I couldn't tell anymore whether the heck it felt too good or not. I could only, within the time he paused, to swear using my feeble breath, "Damn it, how long are you going to keep at it?!"

Ke Luo embraced me from behind. His fingers soothed the moistness between my legs. When I took my breath and slightly relaxed, my lower back was impatiently straightened as he buried in yet again.

Unable to catch my breath, I trembled as I said, "Y-you want to kill me..."

Ke Luo's voice unexpectedly carried grievance. "I only do it with you. Yet you still don't believe me..."

Aah! I now believe you've accumulated for too long. I'll believe anything. Just, I beg of you, let my old waist go!

Lying on the sofa, unable to close my legs at all, I had even thought of dying. In the haze, I seemed to have heard Ke Luo say, "Uncle Lee, you'll only do it with me, right?"

Hmph, you wish. Yet I wasn't certain that it was a delusion produced from over fatigue, or a dream.

Afterwards, I'd pass time with a feeling of ambiguity.

Each day Ke Luo saw me, he'd smile with curved eyes. Although I threw away his filial piety of a breakfast, dim sum would often appear on my desk.

Every night, I would be in sleepless solitude in bed. When I wanted to casually

fantasize, I couldn't help but have the notion that perhaps Ke Luo had already fallen for me a little. He just didn't know it himself. All day long, he'd say that he only loved Shu Nian. Maybe he's just hard-mouthed.

If anyone was determined to look toward a bright side for a break up, then you could see hope everywhere you look.

You see, he did treat me pretty good. Even Lu Feng felt that we get along well. It's hard to tell... it could likely be out of respect for his elders. But in the end, there should something more than that! To say the least, not many people would sleep with their respected elders.

He treated Shu Nian just like how his father treated Cheng Yi Chen: with stubbornness. Yet he'd meddle in my affairs. And there were so many men besides Shu Nian, so finding anybody was fine. Yet he was only ambiguous with me alone. Up until now, we're still entangled.

Well, even if he hadn't fallen for me, in his eyes, I was different than other people.

Perhaps, he wasn't as enamored with Shu Nian as he had thought. To him, I wasn't just an uncle who he had spent a few passionate nights with.

After I came back to myself, I couldn't help but laugh bitterly. To be plainly rejected a good number of times and still be able to think so beautifully, I really was getting more thick-skinned the longer I lived.

But if a man isn't so thick-skinned that he can bear swords and guns, how could one fight to obtain what he wants?

How can pies fall down just by sitting at home, hugging onto pride and self-pity? I'd experience the strong struggle to turn against a tide. Was there anything that I hadn't fetched with my own bare hands?

The weather warmed up, and people became lethargic. During the afternoon, a drowsy feeling crept over everyone in the office. Break time had passed, yet I was still sprawled on the sofa with files covering my chest, feigning to having fallen asleep due to losing to fatigue from diligence—sleeping soundly.

My cheek was suddenly struck by coldness. I was entirely woken up in surprise. My eyes opened to the sight of Ke Luo's smiling face.

"It's time for you to wake up." He smiled as he held a can of iced coffee in his hands. A layer of fine droplets had just formed on the top of it. "There's a business meeting in the afternoon. You couldn't have forgotten, right?"

I hazily gave out an "Oh."

"Drink and you'll be more clear-headed." He handed me the coffee. "It'll be alright. If you're not ready, then pass it to me."

I hadn't yet come back to myself and stiffly took the ice-cold can. I was so tired because I had been working too hard last night sorting the materials. I appeared to be lazy, but in fact I was capable and responsible. Otherwise Lu Feng wouldn't even give me a thought.

Yet the words he had just said...was to cover up for me?

So, that the afternoon, I was determined to try my best at the conference table.

It's said that a man is his sexiest when he's devoted at work: displaying my many brilliant talents and sharp eloquence. Maybe Ke Luo will grovel at my suit pants.

At last, a satisfactory contract was signed. Ke Luo smiled at me. I was hit by a sense of pride. A man will always want to be thought of as a hero before a beauty.

In the end, everyone shook hands to start the cooperation. The partner in charge

was a veteran who rarely attended to matters himself. I had been known him before. The business field was just that small.

He held my hand longer than usual. I couldn't help but laugh. "Mr. Tong."

"It's been so many years since we've last seen each other. I've heard you've returned, but I never thought we'd encounter each other here." His plump face displayed a rather polite smile. "Come, let's drink more tea, shall we?"

Everyone else had packed up their things. We stood on the side to discuss the "old days." Tong Shan looked warm and good-natured with a Santa Claus face. He was quite generous toward others and often did charitable work. But it's hard to say how the generous capital came about?

"Originally, it wasn't necessary for me to personally come." He grinned. "I came just to see you. Young men are capable after all. Lu Feng is wasting a talented person like you on such a petty job."

Don't tell me he's poaching employees? I smiled back. It's difficult to know what's fake and what's genuine from courteous words. I only figured out what he meant after exchanging several words.

"How about coming to work for me? What I lack at this moment are talented people like you. I won't mistreat you."

Who knew that Tong Shan was far more straightforward than I had thought? I was actually shocked for a moment.

He smiled kindly and said, "Of course I won't make you keep doing that small of a business. We have the ability to accumulate wealth. Working for a few years and you'll be able to rest and live life with ease."

I smiled more radiantly than his. "I dare not lay a hand on unlawful things."

He grinned. "For you, is there a distinction between lawful and unlawful things?"

Wryly smiling, I gave out a cough. It's true that I was most afraid of living an impoverished life. There's no gain from being a law-abiding citizen.

[Although it's difficult to avoid running into a ghost when one often walks the road at night, I'd already enjoyed enough, so there's no loss running into a ghost once more.](#) It's not that I can't do something bad; it's that you have to be smart when doing something bad.

Lu Feng treated me very kindly, but to work for someone can't even compare with when I had my own business. When young men opened wine without restraint, I actually had difficulty breathing. There would never be another situation where I'd buy drinks for everyone in leisure with the guts to freely hand out tips.

But let aside of the fact that I didn't have the nerve to stand Lu Feng up, just the reliability of this guy was very questionable.

The both of us were grinning widely at each other when I heard a clear voice call out, "Uncle Lee."

I turned around and saw Ke Luo waiting at the door. His smiling lips parted to reveal his beautiful teeth.

I was letting my thoughts run wild again. Honestly speaking, why would I drown myself in carnal pleasure? Would Ke Luo lose to some young man of pleasure who's only after my wallet? I had no need to support those money-sucking, first-class, young men. How could the money I earn be insufficient? Wasn't I living my days with ease and security?

In comparison, those kinds of money could be used as toilet paper. It may well be an extravagant luxury, but it's a fierce battle that could spiral you down into a dismal life. It no longer had that much of an appeal.

If it was Ke Luo, I could really curb my interest, perhaps.

I turned to smile at Tong Shan. "Hearing you say so, this is something big."

Tong Shan laughed. "Of course it is. First give it some thought. No hurry, no hurry."

Upon returning, I tossed and turned as I agonized over it. It tormented me overnight.

I believe I should meet Shu Nian once. There was nothing to be afraid of.

I should know the differences were between us. Would I be able to win against him? What were the odds of winning after all?

Sometimes I couldn't help imagining what kind of man he was after all, which made it difficult for me to sleep the whole night. Torturing myself with my imagination, I might as well be more clear-cut.

Some things are more difficult to constantly avoid than to confront it face to face.

I browsed through Ke Luo's cell. Shu Nian's number was easy to find. It was the first contact in the directory. There was both home address and business address.

I couldn't wait until the weekend. I directly requested the afternoon off and went to the airport on my own.

When I went, I still had about seven, eight points out of ten in self-confidence. However much more stubborn Ke Luo became, at least he took the initiative to come to me. He was still a child when he had fallen in love with Shu Nian. He'd now grown up, and we had been together for a long while. One day Shu Nian will

fade from his memory.

Regardless of what background Shu Nian had, he wasn't worthy for me to regard as a serious contender. What big scene hadn't I encountered?

Yet I couldn't control my tension. Despite how I adjusted my seat, I still felt uncomfortable. When the plane took off from the runway, I was airsick for the first time ever.

Getting off the plane, I was still disoriented and greatly nauseous. I bitterly dialed the number. After a couple long rings, the call was answered.

"Hello? May I ask who's calling?"

It was my first time hearing this man speak. His voice was soft. My heart, however, started to pound.

For some reason, it felt incredibly unrealistic. I vaguely felt very strange. I calmed down before opening my mouth, becoming unexpectedly polite. "I'm a colleague of Ke Luo. I came here on business and helped him deliver some things for you."

"Ah," he hastily expressed his appreciation, "thank you. Then when and where would it be convenient for us to meet?"

I forced in a breath. "I'll go to your company."

I didn't want to arrange to meet him at a café like a date.

The rising and falling of the elevator, which I had long been accustomed to, unexpectedly made me somewhat uncomfortable once again. When I got off, my face was already pale white. Unfortunately, I still had to go through a long corridor.

The moment I thought that he may be able to see, from inside the office, me

walking, I felt that even my pace wasn't very right.

Upon seeing Shu Nian's nameplate hung from the office door, I took a couple breaths and tidied my hair.

I had to make every effort in creating the most flawless image to battle with him.

All of a sudden, the door flew open from the inside, giving me a fright. The man who walked out was quite tall and handsome. He had an air of nobility. He was basically going to win against me. I suffered a severe blow and instantly froze at the doorway.

The man was also startled for a moment. He studied me for a while. Seeing my hesitant face, he became more wary. "You looking for someone?"

A familiar voice called out from inside, "Ah, Xie Yan, it should be my guest, right?"

The man gave out an "oh" and let go of the door handle. As if there was something he needed to do, he smiled and turned away, walking off. I let out a breath of relief. So he wasn't Shu Nian after all.

Like I'd said, if Shu Nian looked that willful and strong, would it actually be him who's pushing down Ke Luo? Or would it be Ke Luo pushing him down?

"You should be Mr. Lee. Please come in and sit."

I cleared my throat and stepped inside. So this man is Shu Nian. I stared at him somewhat stiffly.

A clean face, delicate features, clear black and white eyes. Without speaking, he still expressed a smiling face. He was completely different from what I had imagined.

He was pretty much just a little better looking than the average person. He wasn't as handsome as me at all. Not the slightest bit. He basically had nothing to win against me.

We both faced each other. I stopped dead in my tracks, I was temporarily unable to move. He also looked at me with some surprise.

"Ah, so you're Mr. Lee?" he said out of sheer amazement. Then, he smiled a bit happily. "Come on, sit down. Drink some tea first? You must be tired after getting off the plane."

I reluctantly forced myself to sit down on the sofa and handed over the ginseng tea I had casually bought. I could only feel the throbbing pain in the back of my head.

"You've taken the effort to specifically stop by." He was somewhat apologetic as he took the ginseng tea. He gazed at me with a look that was actually quite happy. "You're that uncle of Xiao Luo then. He's mentioned you to me before. I didn't see you last time I was there. I didn't expect you to be this young."

I rigidly moved the corner of my mouth. Consider it as smiling back.

Close up, I could see his graceful, friendly face, some strands of his hair softly drooped down the front of his forehead, slender eyebrows, gently curved eyes, a straight nose. That was an arc I was intensely proud of.

"Xiao Luo is very sensible. He's just childish at times. I'll trouble you to be more tolerant. He says that he always upsets you. Looking after him, if he doesn't listen, don't be modest with him. Feel free to teach him a lesson..."

Upon mentioning Ke Luo, Shun Nian rambled on a great deal. I quietly listened. I just had nothing to say.

I had already forgotten the words I had wanted to say coming here. There wasn't

any need for it.

Sitting for a while, I didn't say even a word. My face was stiff. Shu Nian, however, seemed to have a favorable impression of me and was familiar with me. "You're here on a business trip, so when are you going back to T city? Let's have dinner together. I also know your taste--"

"No need. I'm leaving soon."

"Ah?" Shu Nian was surprised. "Didn't you just arrive?"

I forced a smile. My heart suddenly ached a bit. "Please excuse me."

I didn't want him to be Shu Nian. His appearance wasn't as strong mine. Moreover, he was weaker than me. No need to mention his build. His taste couldn't meet with mine.

His look wasn't the one in a million I had expected. Instead, it was the type that made me most unable to score a victory.

The plane soon landed in T city. I called a taxi to go directly home. The sky had already darkened and the city lights were on. It was late and a little cool. Walking on the road, I felt slightly chilly.

The pride I had when I had gone off stayed there. I didn't bring it back.

I wearily pushed open the door. The lights were still on. I took off my coat and headed toward the sofa to sit and light a cigarette.

"Uncle Lee."

Ke Luo was actually here.

I gave out an "uh-huh." I just wanted to sleep. I closed my eyes, not looking at

him.

“I brought you dinner. Didn’t you request the afternoon off, saying you weren’t feeling well. Why didn’t you stay at home and rest? Where did you go?”

I opened my eyes and concentrated on smoking the cigarette. “I went to see Shu Nian.”

Ke Luo was taken aback.

I inhaled a couple mouthfuls and exhaled the remaining white smoke. I felt somewhat disgusted. “Didn’t you say that you’ve no idea why you only want to sleep with me? I know. Let me tell you then.”

I threw the cigarette butt on the carpet. It was grounded out with my toes, but it still burnt a hole. I scoffed.

“Similar in looks. When doing it, you’d feel it more, right?”

That man’s face was too much like mine. It couldn’t be any clearer for those who could see. No wonder Lu Feng entrusted him to me. Even he understood my use.

Everybody knew what I was. Only I alone didn’t know.

I couldn’t figure out where I had found the strength to go find Shu Nian for a showdown. I could die laughing.

Even if he knew about the physical relationship between Ke Luo and me, he probably felt an unparalleled satisfaction upon seeing me. Even the criterion for choosing a partner to vent out his desire was so touching. Such infatuation.

Directing at Ke Luo’s face, I swore out, “Fuck you.”

Not only did I feel humiliated from being used as a substitute, I’d also given up

hope.

Translator's comment:

Oh, gosh, Lee finally confronts Shu Nian, and it's far from what he had imagined.

We see Ke Luo's love growing--it's not just Lee's wishful thinking. You see Ke Luo's pain when Lee tries to distance himself from him, his jealousy and possessiveness when he encounters Lee with another, and his concern when he offers to cover up for Lee. Ke Luo apparently thinks a lot about Lee when he's with him. And when he's not with Lee? Shu Nian seems to know a lot about Lee, even to the point of knowing his taste in food. Ehh, that must mean Ke Luo talks a lot about Lee when he's with Shu Nian.

We'll see in the next chapter what Ke Luo's reaction to Lee's new discovery regarding Shu Nian is! D8

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

10

Love Late vol.1 - ch10

Proofread by: Micky & Bubbly



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

This time I have proofreaders to look over my translations, making the story even better! Thank you for putting up with my very rough translations~<3 I can't wait to read everyone's comments about this chapter. And thanks to Bubbly for the donation as well! We're one step closer to getting those anthologies. A

Chapter Ten

I could not take it anymore, I had to give up and end this. "Get out."

Ke Luo looked startled and confused, but he stubbornly refused to leave. My patience was running out, I grabbed the ashtray and hurled it at his head. Missing him, the ashtray grazed his cheek before shattering against the wall

behind him. The sound was enough to make someone jump, but not enough to make me feel any less angry.

Ke Luo's face grew pale. Stunned, he looked at me with widened eyes like a small animal who just received a beating from his owner. Somewhat timidly, he called out to me, "Uncle Lee."

"Get out," I said, calmer after my outburst, "and give my key back."

"Sorry, Uncle Lee. Don't be like this," Ke Luo apologized. His large dark eyes were always clear and bright as he looked at others. "I don't think of you as Xiao Nian. I know you're different from him."

"Of course we're different." I sneered, "if we were the same, you could just replace me. You wouldn't need to force yourself and keep saying shit like whether you wanna do it or not."

"That's not it, Uncle Lee," he protested, seemingly at a loss for words. A pause lingered in the air before he added, "I care about you, Uncle Lee."

My chest tightened and I laughed out loud. What is this, a consolation prize? How old will I be before he stops jerking me around with this ambiguity? It felt like I was like a dying man, barely alive but hanging on, breathing shallowly and pumped full of drugs that prolonged his life. I couldn't take any more of this. I'd rather be put out of my misery and be done with it.

I got up and gave him a hard push – towards the door.

"Uncle Lee." He struggled and grabbed my wrist. Annoyed, I shook him off,

“You originally said that we were just going to sleep together, that I was just a hole to you. You felt sorry for me since I was an old man who couldn’t get any, and that you were never interested in me. So say it, damn you, just say it!”

I wanted him to say it personally, so that there would be some sort of closure, closure with the pain of ending it. I had to go through it, so that I could get over it and move on, but Ke Luo didn’t say anything. Instead, he looked back at me with his raven-back eyes – I hated how he could soften hearts with just that look. I hated his youth, how he could be so unrestrained, his infatuation for that man, and his kindness.

“Uncle Lee, I-“

With a slam of the door, I shut Ke Luo and his protests out. Seeing that Ke Luo had laid out the dinner he brought on the table, I threw it in the trash and checked the fridge. It was empty, there was not even a can of beer, but it didn't matter. I wasn't going to drink myself silly. Regardless of the time, a man like me had to be level-headed, so I refuse to become an embarrassing drunk. It wasn't enough to warrant losing control over oneself.

I couldn't help but think about Ke Luo, of his charm, his sensibleness, and the way he smiles with that noticeable and tolerant consideration. Truth be told, he probably never led me on -- after all, he never even said that he “liked” me, he never loved me. Yet, how could I forget his gentleness?

So I smoked a cigarette, one at a time, and by dawn, my fingers were yellowed. My mouth was dry, but my head was clear. Since I couldn’t sleep, I put on my coat, grabbed my wallet and car keys, and headed out the door. Nearly tripping as I walked out into the quiet morning, I found Ke Luo sitting at the door, holding his knees. He had fallen asleep, like an abandoned dog. I watched him for a moment before I silently closed the door and walked past him.

He seemed to know how to move people's hearts, but this time I refused to be soft-hearted. After all, he was someone else's loyal dog that I happened to be raising. It was clear in his mind that he would never see me as his owner. So why wear myself out?

I skipped work for two days without bothering to request for leave and completely blew off my job. When I had returned, everything was normal: my access card still worked and no one said anything about firing me. I went into the office as if it was any other day. Ke Luo was sitting in his seat. Our eyes met just as he was making a call. Slamming the phone down, he stood up.

"Uncle Lee, where were you the last two days?"

"On a trip," I casually answered as I walked towards my cubicle.

"Why was your phone turned off too?"

"No battery."

"Really..." he looked at the dark circles under my eyes, "you look very tired?"

I laughed, "I have a [kidney deficiency](#)." Suddenly, Ke Luo fell silent and pressed his lips together. Seeing the clean surface of my desk, I asked, "Did work pile up these two days or have I been fired?"

Ke Luo looked surprised, "No, it's all been taken care of." Seeing me take my seat at my desk and turning on the computer as usual, a look of relief appeared on his face. "Uncle Lee, would you like some tea?"

I chuckled; I knew what he was worried about. The thought of resigning never crossed my mind. Washing my hands of this and leaving would have been the best way to vent my anger, but what's the point of acting so rashly? I was realistic; I'm no one's nagging wife. What sort of trouble could I stir? What's the point of making my hatred apparent? It was not like it would extend my life, nor could it help me get an exchange for a good car. Besides, considering my station, I had little say in anything. Taking down a member of the Lu family would be impossible.

I just wanted to live a good life. Compared to those unfathomable villains in novels who make it their ultimate goal to harm others, I felt that it was more practical to look out for my self-interests. To tamper with the family by selling some information wouldn't hurt Lu Feng, and for me, it would be a huge gain. I only wanted to use Lu Feng's trust in me to generate some more income for my pension and drive to save up for an early retirement.

Tong Shan had been nice, but if I left Lu, he may not really need me anymore. I knew what my value was, so wasn't it better if I just stayed here and worked for him? I need the money, I want to live a happy and carefree life. Without the money, what ability would I have to do so? I should take into account that I would have to be able to afford to pay for everything. Before, I had hoped to obtain such unrealistic happiness and stability.

I must have gone crazy.

The money came quickly, much easier than earning a regular paycheck. I've done a lot of bad things before, withstanding this. It was easy money. It was nothing to be guilty about, so I was at ease. It was not long after the cash started coming in that trouble came. Tong Shan had bought an entire business from another party. Rumor was that they had wanted out, anxious to wipe their hands clean, and wanted to sell this profitable business. Tong Shan would take over all of the supplies, the contracts, and the customers. Everything was in

good shape, all Tong Shan had to do was sit at home and count the money.

Who knew that as soon as he finished the deal, another business got taken over and S City's seaport was suddenly taken over by the Xie family. It had come out of nowhere, no one saw this coming.

The Xie family, unlike Cao Fang's former men, would not allow this transaction to take place. No matter how much Tong Shan tried, they refused to cooperate. With such a large quantity of goods stored, the cash would also become too troublesome to handle. Now that the situation was so critical, it was too late to pull out. How could one back out when he had come so far? The losses would be too tough to stomach.

For several days, I suffered huge losses – every day there was a delay, which meant a large sum of money. I was hoping that importing once would decrease the number of years spent working. I could not help having issues concentrating at work. Fortunately, Ke Luo didn't say anything. In fact, sitting with me in one office, he would have noticed my lack of concentration, but he was never one to speak out of turn, so I was happily spared.

When I saw Tong Shan again, he seemed to be in a great mood, beaming with joy. He practically seemed like a different man from the last time, when he had told me his "bad news," while wearing the expression of a man with a toothache.

"Tong, sir," I said as I took his money, addressing him in a formal manner, "I just spoke with Mr. Cao, he said-"

"No need to worry," Tong grinned and waved his hand dismissively, "we're good."

"It's settled?" I was somewhat surprised.

Tong Shan remained cheerful as he said, "it was practically delivered to our doorstep."

"Huh?"

["Someone from the Xie family came to T city, and was practically delivered here at gunpoint,](#) so I took the opportunity," Tong Shan laughed like a [Maitreya Buddha](#), "the head of the Xie family is practically clutching his chest right now. How can he turn down our demands?"

I was surprised. He had come back from the dead. Although I personally thought that acts like kidnapping were a bit despicable, I couldn't be bothered with it. I was pretty much a bad guy anyway too. It is fine as long as no one dies. We both sat down, cutting a cigar to smoke away the misfortune from the last two days. Tong Shan pulled out a small case and I politely smiled as I tried to avoid his eyes. I don't have the guts to mess with drugs. I felt uncomfortable seeing him looking so satisfied. Drug addicts and gambling addicts were the two types of people I hated the most; they were the types to ruin their own families, selling their wives and children...

My head throbbed and a strange feeling welled up as I suddenly pieced something together.

"Tong, sir, that man from the Xie family..."

"Hm?"

"Is he called Shu Nian?"

Tong Shan looked at me kindly. "You know *quite* a lot."

I tactfully laughed. "Xie Yan is a bit ambiguous with that assistant, and it's a coincidence that I happened to know."

"Oh," Tong Shan lazily replied and closed his eyes again.

"Tong, sir," unable to control myself, I called out to him, "If you're all right with it, let me watch him. Those men are too rough; if they hurt him in any way, that would put us in a tough situation."

At this point, I kind of regretted volunteering to do such a third-rate errand. The kidnapped was kept in an old, deserted warehouse. I hated the desolate, wretched smell of the place, but I still went in. As a precaution, I also wore one of those ridiculous, hideous Chinese opera masks. The door opened with a loud creak and the man inside cringed. Both of his hands were tied behind his back and his feet were bound. He was also blindfolded and gagged as well. He was practically tied up to his teeth.

The small fry who was watching him was about to doze off, so I dismissed him. When the door had closed again, I stood there and watched him in silence, feeling a subtle need to express my hatred. [Every man has his day](#).

I could tell he was very scared. As I walked over, I deliberately walked heavily, but did not say anything. The man could not see, he could only hear. Stricken with panic, he tried to determine where I was. I crouched in front of him and leisurely started to untie his feet, but before I had the chance to start to intimidate him, he suddenly kicked me. Caught off guard, he nailed me in my chin and soon I was seeing stars.

As I rubbed my chin, my pride injured, he managed to struggle to his feet and took a couple of steps. But I was not in any rush. Go ahead and run, let's see

where you could run.

Sure enough, he was at a loss. Blindfolded, there was no way he could tell where he was going, yet he stumbled along, trying his best. Just then I noticed that he had a slight limp in his right leg. It was fine when he was walking normally, but it was fairly obvious when he ran. To think that I actually lost to a crippled man, one with a scar on his face at that.

The vein in my head started to throb again. I took a couple steps forward, grabbed him, and pushed him to the ground. Shu Nian fought back desperately, his clothes becoming disheveled. I had no idea why I did what I did, but I tugged at his pants.

This was too funny. How could I be interested in this kind of old man? But I was curious enough to want to know what was so good about this man. How was he better than me?

Shu Nian protested loudly as he fiercely struggled. Honestly speaking, I didn't have even the slightest sexual interest in him, but I did enjoy the sight of his panic and fear. So I clutched his ankle and slowly and steadily stripped off his pants. There was actually an assist device on his right leg. How disappointing, I didn't know that Ke Luo could get hard looking at this. His left leg was not perfect either; there were burn scars, two stark, symmetrical and oddly shaped scars.

What could have left such scars?

My hands immediately stopped. In this tightly pressed position, I stared at him and my head suddenly started to swirl.

I was eight years old at the time. I was too small and thin at the time, so I

looked like I was not even six yet. I usually had to light the fire and cook--I was good at that. The [thin congee](#) in the large pot on the stove gurgled. I sat on a small stool, slowly adding straw and dried vines to the fire. There were always a few small shriveled peanuts that were not picked from these vines. So they would cook in the fire until they popped, in which then one could pull them out to eat. Even though it had been eaten by insects, it still tasted okay.

My little brother had tottered over and watched me for a while. He wanted to take them.

"No, go away, these are mine," I told him. He only had a few teeth anyway; it was not like he could crack the shell with his teeth. It would be a waste of food.

"Go away, go away." Taking the tongs that were used in the fire, I held them out at him, opening and closing them to scare him. My brother babbled, unable to understand what I was saying as he stared at me with wide eyes. I didn't know my own strength and the tongs caught his leg. The smell of burning flesh and smoke arose. I was struck with fear as he burst into tears.

From then on, I did my best to save whatever there was to eat for him. For the sake of a few peanuts, I had scalded my three years old brother with the fire tongs. I caused him to cry for ten days and had given him two frightening scars on his leg. I felt that I owed him and could never repay him.

I could hear the thundering pounding of my heart, the sound resounding strongly in my ears. My head suddenly throbbed a bit. I abruptly gripped his collar and pulled him up, demanding, "Who are you?"

I ripped off the man's blindfold and harshly ripped out the gag in his mouth. My mask must have been vicious because he was stunned with fear. "Who are

you!?”

Before he could answer, the mobile phone in my pocket rang. Something was wrong; that was their cue for me to get out quickly. But with Shu Nian in my grasp, the blood rushed to my head as I looked at the face that was so similar to mine. I refused to leave. My veins pulsated, my temples throbbed. Unable to control myself, I grabbed his neck with force, "Out with it!" Say it so I can leave! Why wouldn't he answer me?!

Tell me that our resemblance to each other does not mean anything, that those scars are just a coincidence. The one and only relative I had left had died a long time ago.

I shook him violently. I had lost control over my own strength; I was practically strangling him to death. Hearing a strange sound overhead, I looked up. A piece of the iron sheeting that was attached to the ceiling of the decaying warehouse rocked unsteadily. Right before my eyes, the last piece of reinforcement broke and it came crashing down. I don't know what I was thinking or maybe I wasn't thinking at all, but I instinctively shoved him out of the way.

After that, I could hear muffled sounds. It had relentlessly hit me in the head, my vision went dark, but fortunately, my vision slowly came back. There was a scorching numbness at the top of my head, which was gradually replaced with pain and a wet sensation. I was probably bleeding, but I could still stand -- unsteadily, but I should be okay.

Just then, the door flew open from the outside. My reaction was slow, but I clearly saw the man coming at me, a murderous look on his face, yet I couldn't move. I couldn't dodge Ke Luo's kick in time and immediately fell to my knees.

“His head is injured,” I was bent over in pain when I heard Shu Nian frantically shouting, “quick, call an ambulance!” The man still managed to be so kind even in this situation; I hated him. If I had known that it would come to this, I would have just crushed his windpipe then.

“I’ll kill him!” I could hear Ke Luo’s rage from his voice. The humiliating appearance of a disheveled Shu Nian was enough to drive him more mad, causing him to kick me in the stomach two more times. I heaved and curled up instantly as I rested my forehead against the ground, my lips pressed together as I remained silent.

“Ke Luo, stop this!”

He ripped the mask off my face and silence ensued. A moment later, I heard the sound of the mask being chucked at the floor, followed by the crack of it being crushed underfoot.

What a joke, was there any other supporting actor as lame as me?

Serves me right.

Comment: Were you all surprised? This chapter was definitely a painful turn of event for Lee. Uwaah, what is Lee to do now?! What is Ke Luo going to do??? DX

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

11

Love Late vol.1 - ch11

Translated by: Dairytea & Phoenix



[Love Late](#) Vol. 1

Sorry for the long delay. The next chapter won't be as long of a wait though. ;)

Chapter Eleven

The room was quiet. I inhaled heavily with my hands slightly trembling.

They had taken Shu Nian to the quiet villa here so he could recuperate properly. I was just conveniently taken as well.

My head wound had been bandaged, no longer bleeding. This was thanks to Ke Luo, who still had some kindness in him to send me to the hospital. Even though they had brought me along, they had come to ensure that Shu Nian would

receive a thorough examination.

My stomach felt uncomfortable, but now wasn't the time to worry about it. No matter how my insides suffer, they'd still be in the same place anyway. It's entirely better than having them dug out.

At least compared to one possible fate, tolerating this bit of physical pain was nothing but a piece of cake.

Pulling myself together, I tried to calm down. I wasn't sure what I was feeling.

Maybe the situation wasn't that bad. I was violently tossed in here, but this wasn't some prison cell. It was just an ordinary study room. There was even wine in the cabinet. Of course, there were men guarding outside the door, but Ke Luo didn't even so much as tie me up. I could move freely in the room.

The swelling of my head throbbed painfully. The feeling was hard to bear. There was no end to the panic in my heart. I felt a cold sweat drip down my forehead after sitting for a moment.

My mouth was dry, so I figured I'd go open the cabinet. I selected a bottle of wine according to the year. Since a glass was readily-available as well, I helped myself to a drink.

On one hand, it settled my mind; on the other hand, I seemed to have really run into bad luck. I'll let myself drink something good anyway before hitting the road again.

The door was pushed open. The tall young man took a couple steps inside, and his eyes widened.

"You..."

He probably didn't even expect me to shamelessly drink Lu Feng's stash when

death was so near at hand. He frowned at once.

“I need an explanation.”

“Okay.” Luckily, he still offered me a chance to explain.

“Why do it?”

“I didn’t rape him,” I replied quickly.

“I want to know why you were a spy. Who are you working for?”

My heart suddenly sank a little. I didn’t say a word.

“In what way has Uncle Lu wronged you? In what way has Xiao Nian offended you? Why do that to them?”

“They didn’t do anything. What about you? You dare say that you don’t owe me the slightest bit of debt?”

Ke Luo was taken aback. “Then why didn’t you just direct it at me?”

How could I say something ridiculous as “I couldn’t bear to?” I spread out my hands and simply said, “Okay, this time I was wrong.”

Ke Luo glared at me coldly. I could feel a cold chill run down my spine. Never before had I wished like now that he’d wholeheartedly care for Shu Nian, barely having the time to spare a look at me.

“Regarding the company, I’ll confess to Lu Feng and await his decision. Don’t interfere. Concerning Shu Nian, I was wrong first. I apologize to him. But seeing as not a hair on his head was harmed,” I paused and smiled, “and also our... friendship all these years.”

Ke Luo watched me.

I poured a glass, raised it toward him, and humbly said, “Just consider it as a plea from Uncle Lee. Cut me some slack, and let’s make peace.”

Ke Luo stared at me for a while. He took the glass from my hand at last despite his emotionless face.

I immediately felt an incredible sense of relief. But the next instant, he threw the entire glass of wine in my face.

I was stunned for a long while as the wine ran down my chin. I heard a knock outside the door.

“Come in.”

An indistinct shadow appeared at the door. “Master Ke, the men from the Xie family have arrived requesting us to hand the man over.”

Ke Luo glanced at me, then turned his head. “Tell them that I was the one who caught him, so he would naturally be at my disposal.”

“But they’re extremely persistent...”

“Assure Xie Yan that I will deal with it.”

My one heart sank.

I could imagine how big and deep his hatred toward me was, but I still had no idea as to how he’ll “deal” with me.

The house became quiet once more. I could only hear the sound of my rough, heavy breathing.

Soon there was another knock at the door. Obviously the Xie family there won't leave the matter at that if they can't personally "deal" with me.

"Master Ke, it's better that you personally..."

Ke Luo frowned. When he turned around, his face bore the striking resemblance of Lu Feng's grimness.

As soon as he walked out, he locked the door from the outside. The click sent chills through my entire body.

Xie Yan possibly had to hack me to pieces before his hatred was quenched. It would probably be much more so for Ke Luo.

My teeth slightly chattered. I admitted that I was afraid of death. And now that things were uncertain like this, how could I resign myself? What's more, they may not necessarily give me a quick relief.

Taking advantage of the two men's dispute as to who would handle me, I stood up and looked down from the window.

What luck, it was only the third floor. The antique European window, which was originally suitable for ladies to greet their brave lovers, was now facilitating me to run for my life.

With my whole body outside the window and one foot straining to reach a ledge to step on, I heard talking outside the door.

My heart raced.

Once they realized no one was in the room, even if I made it to the ground in time, I can forget about escaping.

As soon as I stepped on the second floor window sill, I quit dawdling and jumped

directly down.

I slightly crouched when I hit the ground. Apart from the small pain in my feet, I didn't so much as twist my ankle. When I was young, I'd scraped through tough conditions. Now that I was old, I managed to refrain from becoming too clumsy.

This villa was so huge that it's abnormal. Walking on such a long cobblestone path, I thought I'd been discovered and had almost given up hope.

But when I went through the main gates, I wasn't stopped to my surprise. The entrance guard wasn't suspicious of me. He didn't even look at me, so I was allowed through.

I didn't even have the time to celebrate. Not having the nerve to delay, I hurried off.

Devastated, I hid for several days, living in a complete mess.

Of course I didn't have the guts to return to the apartment. Fortunately, I had stored emergency cash and ATM cards for use in another location. I just never expected I'd put them to good use so soon. I couldn't help but repeatedly curse myself unlucky.

I regretted my indecisiveness. At that time, there was no need for me to meddle with that man. As a result, it's now the same as offending both the Xie family and the Lu family.

I didn't lack the money, but to continue in hiding was not the way. All day long, I was like a rat, hiding and scurrying about. For the sake of safety, I could only eat and sleep in poor rundown places. Upon seeing a familiar person, I would walk off with my head turned away.

I couldn't stay in T city for the time being. I should move away from here and lie low until the fuss died down.

But to run away from here wasn't going to be that easy. I didn't have the nerve to go back to the apartment and take the things I needed. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I could only look to Tong Shan. What's more, he was an enemy of both families, not a friend, and still owed me a large amount of money.

Tong Shan could actually be considered loyal to his comrades. A half an hour after I had given him a call, a car came to pick me up.

I didn't let my guard down with Tong Shan. It's just that I knew it wouldn't do him any good for me to be captured

Even though Tong Shan never exposed his face, it was clear this time that it wasn't just me who would be caught. Sooner or later, it would descend on him. It wouldn't be that easy to wash his hands from it. Even if he got rid of me, he wouldn't be able to make it up to both families.

Since we're on the same boat, he might as well help me. Naturally, I'd be of use to him in the future.

I probably calculated the right move this time. Tong Shan treated me rather courteous and polite. He arranged a safe place for me to stay and agreed to help me set up new paperwork and passport.

I didn't want to exaggerate it so much as to flee the country. But according these people, Ke Luo was searching everywhere for me even if he had to dig three feet deep to drag me out.

Xie Yan had already given up and returned to S city, yet Ke Luo still wouldn't let me off so easily. He relentlessly pursued me.

What for? Did he really hate me that much?

For a dog that had run off after being beaten so much, he should have some compassion.

Or perhaps I should never have had any expectations on Ke Luo from the very beginning?

“Tong, sir, you asked for me?”

“My goodness, come sit, come sit. Let’s call for a couple glasses,” Tong Shan greeted me with a grin.”

“Has the passport arrived yet?”

“No need to rush. Sit, sit. Young people must have *patience*.”

To have to wag my tail for this old geezer and be mixed into this, I didn’t have just any ordinary bad luck. I forced myself to sit down. Several days had already passed, and I still hadn’t received the required passport. I’d be lying if I claimed that I wasn’t uneasy about it.

“Tong, sir, honestly speaking, it’s not that difficult to prepare them, right?”

“Why? Don’t you trust me?” Tong Shan chuckled. “Well, you know, they’ve nearly overturned the heavens searching for you.”

I didn’t make a sound. Sometimes I really had the urge to go find Ke Luo and ask him to his face what on earth he wanted to do to me so his anger would subside. Carry out the top ten tortures?

To him, what we had been through together wasn’t even enough to bring about the tiniest bit of pity?

My chest constricted. In one mouthful, I emptied the glass Tong Shan had poured for me.

Just as I wanted to drink a second glass, the glass slipped from my hand and shattered on the floor. I slowly looked at my own hand, and my head swirled.

Damn it.

“Don’t blame me.” Tong Shan’s kind smiling face and voice became vague and distant. “In fact, the Lu family forced me to a tight corner. If I don’t hand you over, my days would be tough. It’ll be difficult for everyone...”

Bastard.

This old geezer really was an asshole.

But that little brat was the real asshole.

I felt like I had just slept and woken up from a nightmare. Once I opened my eyes, I saw Ke Luo’s face as expected.

“Uncle Lee.”

I was a goner this time.

I casually replied, “Mm-hm.”

At this rate, I won’t beg him anymore. There’s no point.

I just didn’t know why I felt a tinge of sadness. So this was my fate? Shit.

Ke Luo looked at me for a while. “You’re thinner.”

I laughed. What rat living on the streets wasn’t all skin and bones?

He couldn't be thinking of fattening me up and making a stew out of me?

"It's good that you're back."

Huh? What's good about it?

"I didn't tell Uncle Lu about you being a spy."

It was a little unexpected. I waited for his next line.

"So you can come back to the company for work. I won't pursue the matter anymore."

He really was astoundingly generous. I slowly sat up from the bed.

I was extremely shocked, but felt no gratitude, even finding it unbelievable.

A second ago, he had fiercely wanted to "deal" with me, yet now, all of a sudden, he wanted to try and abandon past grudges. The glass of wine he had thrown in my face and the endless hunt over these past few days—don't tell me it was all my imagination?

"But there are conditions."

"What are they?"

"You have to apologize to Shu Nian."

"What else?"

"Don't appear in front of him from now on."

I felt a little like laughing. This was unavoidably too easy. Shu Nian's charisma

was sure enough infinitely great. But after giving it some thought, I shook my head. "I can't do it."

Ke Luo creased his brows as he looked at me. "Why can't you leave him alone?"

This was a matter between him and me. I was also fed up with living my days cowering from death and clinging to life. Just do what should be done. "If you're uneasy, then isn't it more convenient to simply finish me off with a bullet?"

Ke Luo didn't say anything more. I had thought he'd explode or at the very least throw some punches at me, but he remained silent. He simply stared at me with those black eyes.

Those heart-broken eyes.

At long last, he lowered his eyes. "Rest well then. I'm leaving."

After that, Ke Luo really didn't bother me anymore. He just left me alone without a care, neither locking me up nor tying me down. The less he did, the more uneasy I became, even so much that I felt that my time might be ticking down.

There are some things you must seize the moment and do. And since I didn't know how it would turn out, I went to S city.

Xie Yan wasn't going mad with craze anymore. He had withdrawn the capture and kill order, but I couldn't just wander openly before their very eyes.

I simply followed that dumb and hateful man at a far distance. I watched him get off work. He walked into a bookstore and slowly decided on a cookbook. Then he entered a supermarket, shopped, went around three times before choosing a small half cart. He was even as nosy as to assist in capturing back the grass carp that had jumped out of the fisheries area. After that he walked out, drove home, and went upstairs.

I looked at his face that was similar to mine. It seemed like time had passed in a blink of an eye. He had clearly been so small and weak, and yet here he was now all grown up.

He was probably living a decent life.

In fact, I wasn't certain. To decide that this man was my little brother just based on the scars on his legs and the faint resemblance on his face—I hadn't gotten to the point of being that foolishly sentimental.

Without a DNA test, I won't believe it.

I spoke of scientific facts.

But not knowing why, I had the urge to see him.

Following him for half the day, I deduced that the man wouldn't go out anymore. My back was sore as well. I drew out a cigarette to smoke away my exhaustion and, just as I thought of heading back home, I heard a man rigidly say in my ear, "What do you want with him now?"

I nearly dropped my cigarette. I turned around and saw Ke Luo frowning at me.

I composed myself, firmly taking a drag on my cigarette, and leisurely said, "What? I can't even look at him? Don't tell me he's part of your family?"

Ke Luo helplessly looked at me. "Can't you just leave him alone? He's in poor health. Don't harass him anymore."

His expression held the kind of love that's carved deep within the bones. No matter how it's concealed, it would still be that apparent.

I laughed. "I won't do anything to him. I've changed my mind. He's my type." Yeah, right.

Ke Luo's face turned to an awful shade. He appeared to be trembling. A moment passed before he murmured, "You've seriously disappointed me."

His young back slowly disappeared into the dusk.

I pressed against my swelling temples. I didn't know why I had to be so mouthy. Ultimately, did I want him to be unhappy or myself?

I squatted on the curbside and smoked for a while. I decided to phone Tong Shan. Perhaps I should just be a villain all the way. To be stuck in between, neither going up nor down, was painful,

"Xiao Wen? How come it's you? Is Mr. Tong there?"

The person who answered the call was Tong Shan's most favored woman. Although she was pampered to the point of being badly spoiled, against the laws of nature, she was good at heart and liked me to a certain extent.

"He's in a meeting."

"Once he's out, ask him to give me a call."

"Lee," she hesitated a little and lowered her voice, "Don't come back."

"Why?"

"Hold on." From the sound of it, she seemed to have moved somewhere to continue. "Mr. Tong isn't a good man."

I laughed. "I'm well aware of that. If he was, he wouldn't have thrown me out as soon as he was forced by the Lu family."

"Not like that. He was planning to kill before."

A sudden shiver ran up my back. I was speechless for a while.

“I don’t know how, but it was exposed. Someone from the Lu family looked to him for negotiation, rubbing it in for a good number of days. He got quite a big sum in exchange for your life.”

“ ... ”

“He decided not to lay a hand on you after the Lu family indicated that they won’t pursue the matter. You didn’t easily escape from death this time, so please don’t be conceited anymore.”

“ ... ”

“Be careful.”

I had no idea when the call was disconnected. My head throbbed with pain. I could only continue pressing my hand against my head.

I had already smoked half the cigarette case. My mouth had gone dry. I felt a sharp pain through my nose as I breathed.

It suddenly occurred to me that maybe he had intentionally locked the study room that day.

Otherwise, why did it take them that long to come in and why was it so easy for me to escape?

Maybe he really didn’t want to hand me over to the Xie family.

Maybe, towards me, he still had a tiny bit of...

I was afraid that I won’t ever have a chance to know.

I repeatedly dialed Ke Luo's number. He wasn't picking up at all. Eventually, I turned off my phone.

I suddenly felt scared.

I had thought that, apart from death, I wasn't afraid of anything.

I tried my luck and dialed his home phone. After two long rings, it connected. It was Cheng Yi Chen.

"Hello, I'm looking for Ke Luo."

"Ah, what a coincidence, he just came back from his trip. Please wait a moment." I then heard Cheng Yi Chen's voice calling out to him, "Xiao Luo, there's a phone call from Uncle Lee."

No matter how reluctant Ke Luo was, he wouldn't make Cheng Yi Chen wait.

I stood up straighter and my heart pounded as I heard the receiver shift into his hand. But after waiting for a while, I still didn't hear Ke Luo's voice.

I heard the faint sound of slippers moving further away. It was probably Cheng Yi Chen walking away.

I cleared my throat. And just as I was ready to talk, I heard a *click*. The call was disconnected.

I was in shock for a while. I set the cell phone down, and my heart suddenly ached a little.

I thought of the tiny bit of naïve gentleness behind that cold detachment.

I had let it slip by me.

Comment: And so we conclude the first volume on a sad note. Apparently, Ke Luo has turned his back on Lee. It seems so final here. ; A ;

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 12](#)